

The GRAPHIC



Twenty-First Year---March 28, 1914

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

IN HER GARDEN

By FRANCES CAROLINE WILLEY

I saw the soul of the dying old cedar lingering there by the tree,
Last night, when the moon of your garden was drifting west and west to the sea.

And because the things of the night were singing star-flung melody,
While the lilies' heads were down-dropped, listening, just as they used to be:

I cried to the soul of the dying old cedar there by the trysting tree:
"O, where is the wonder of her eyes, shining, and where—O, where is she?"

I heard the soul of the dying old cedar sweep from the wind-blown tree,
Like a sigh for the soul of a love that had withered, withered even as he!

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THE GRAPHIC

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LOS ANGELES, MARCH 28, 1914

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TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



JOHNSON'S PROXY AND PARTY OUTLOOK

THERE is excellent reason for believing that in event of the success of Governor Hiram Johnson at the polls next November it is his intention of resigning in favor of the second man on his ticket, John M. Eshleman, who, it is planned, shall be rewarded in this way soon after the governor is sworn in or, at any rate, following the adjournment of the legislature. This explains why Mr. Eshleman is willing to relinquish an \$8000 position for one yielding half that amount, to say nothing of stepping from a responsible position to one of innocuous mediocrity.

Governor Johnson yearns for the vindication of a reelection. He still chafes over the vote of 1912 which gave his ticket a beggarly 174 majority where he had confidently expected upward of one hundred thousand. With the prestige of a reelection he is in hopes it will prove a further aid in advancing his ambition to receive the presidential nomination at the hands of the Progressive party and to accomplish this purpose he will devote himself soon after transferring the responsibilities of the governor's office to the man whom he has selected to be his successor. It is true the big Republican registration is not altogether encouraging for his program, but he is counting on a large party defection at the regular election in the event of a standpat or Old Guard nominee opposing his candidacy.

Because of the certain shrinkage in party strength if Republicans of influence should be so foolish as to indorse the candidacy of any prominent member of the old regime we urge the selection and subsequent indorsement of the type of Republican represented by Dr. Norman Bridge, whose qualities of leadership are of the highest and whose personal attributes are in every way fitted to reflect credit upon the gubernatorial office. In that way lies cohesiveness of vote and unity of purpose. The north will expect the senatorship and by the same unwritten law of equity to the south end of the state is conceded the right to furnish the governor this year.

San Diego has a possible candidate in James C. Needham, but it is no secret that his preference is for Washington and he wants to contest the Eleventh district against Kettner; the large Republican registration in San Diego and elsewhere in the district only serves to whet his appetite to enter the race. As for the Democratic nomination for governor, probably, the strongest man that could be named is Isadore B. Dockweiler of Los Angeles, who in 1902 was running mate with Franklin K. Lane. Dockweiler is a powerful speaker, with an enviable reputation at the bar and of unblemished character. He is not a rich man, but if he could be prevailed upon to become a candidate there is no Democrat, now

striving for the nomination, of his intellectual caliber and personal accomplishments. If the south is to name the governor, as it certainly should, Dr. Norman Bridge and Hon. Isadore B. Dockweiler are well fitted to lead their respective party tickets.

PAST PLEDGES AND BARD'S AMENDMENT

WRITING to Major H. Z. Osbourne of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, former United States Senator Thomas R. Bard admits that his substitute for Article III of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was defeated by a vote of 43 to 27. This amendment read:

The United States reserves the right in the regulation and management of the canal to discriminate in respect of the charges of traffic in favor of vessels of its own citizens engaged in the coastwise trade.

Senator Bard contends that the defeat of his amendment signified nothing inasmuch as the rules of the treaty did not prevent our government from treating the canal as part of our coast line, consequently could not be construed as a restriction of our interstate commerce forbidding the discrimination in charges for tolls for our coastwise trade, which conviction, he avers, "contributed to the defeat of the amendment." Here is the article it sought to supplant:

The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules on terms of entire equality. So that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation of its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise. Such conditions and charges shall be just and equitable.

Mr. Bard would have us believe that this was binding upon all other nations, but not upon the United States. He contends that the treaty itself by its own terms recognizes the United States as the only power having the right to adopt rules of any kind regulating the use of the canal. He calls it foolishness to say that the United States is included in "all nations observing these rules." Then why did not the senate adopt his amendment? Plainly, because it conflicted with the terms of the treaty as quoted and because Mr. Hay had given assurance that a treaty so amended would not be acceptable to Great Britain, which in abrogating the Clayton-Bulwer treaty made great concessions to the United States, to wit, in removing the inhibition against fortifying the canal, nullifying its neutrality by that much. In order to gain this concession our government was willing to establish the superseding pact, which guaranteed no discrimination in rates. It was a bargain which we accepted and to the faithful observance of which we pledged our national honor.

Let us remember that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was negotiated in 1850. Our secretary of state (Clayton) at that time assured Lord Palmerston, British prime minister, that the United States sought no exclusive privilege or preferential right of any kind; the proposed canal was to be dedicated to the common use of all nations on the most liberal terms and a footing of perfect equality for all; that the United States desired "no exclusive right or privilege in a great highway which belonged to mankind." Thirty-one years later when a modification of the treaty was desired, Mr. Blaine instructed Minister Lowell to say: "Nor in time of peace does the United States seek to have any exclusive privilege accorded to American ships in respect to precedence or tolls."

Now, consider these utterances in relation with the rejection of Senator Bard's proposal to discriminate in favor of American vessels and then say if the United States is not obligated to observe our binding declaration of entire equality. Even if it were to our material advantage to repudiate the solemn agreement—which, however, is not admitted since it

would benefit only a special privilege at the expense of the nation—can the United States afford to break the faith pledged by Secretary Clayton in 1850, Secretary Blaine in 1881 and Secretary Hay in 1890. Mr. Bard may quibble, but he does not convince. The chambers of commerce of the coast, together with our congressional delegation, are in the attitude of advocating welching on a contract made by our accredited representative in good faith and approved by the treaty-making body of the United States. It is a pitiable position for these civic bodies, supposed to be the guardians of commercial probity, deliberately to take.

KNOWLAND'S UNFIT CANDIDACY

FORMALLY announcing his candidacy for the United States senate, to succeed Senator George C. Perkins, Mr. Joseph R. Knowland of the Sixth congressional district advises the people of California that he will go before them on his record.

What is it? First and foremost as an advocate of welching on a contract made by the United States and confirmed by the United States senate, to whose membership he aspires. As an indication of what to expect from the gentleman should he ever manage to break into the treaty-making branch of congress his record is not inspiring. It is patent that Mr. Knowland's exacerbation against repeal of the tolls exemption clause is wholly for political effect on his home constituency. He has an idea that Californians care nothing for the honor of the nation so long as there is opportunity to turn a dishonest penny by repudiating an obligation.

What a humiliating and disgraceful estimate of the state he seeks to represent and what humiliation and disgrace to have the great state of California "represented" by a man so devoid of ethical considerations. Regardless of the history of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and of the relevant attitude of three secretaries of state—Messrs. Clayton, Blaine and Hay—Mr. Knowland yet has the effrontery to deny that this country ever intended to operate the canal as a highway for all nations on terms of absolute equality. If he is honest in so stating then he is mentally unfit to become a member of the United States senate; if he is merely playing a political game, for the purpose of gaining votes, he is a menace to California as well as to the nation.

With Shortridge, Knowland, Heney and Rowell, four declared candidates for the United States senate, all standing on a platform of political dishonesty in regard to the free tolls question, hence, to be shunned of all men who place the honor of the nation first and foremost, it remains for Mr. James D. Phelan to state his position in regard to the obligations resting upon the country. Is he, too, willing to see America an outlaw among nations for the sake of currying favor with constituents of like fancied viewpoint, or is he endued with the armor of courage worn by the patriotic leader of his party in Washington, who dares repudiate a party plank that reflects on the nation's good faith?

Truly have we, as Mr. Knowland—speaking for home consumption—said in congress the other day, "reached a crisis in our history." But the crisis is not as he states it. It is whether the United States shall keep its plighted word or for the sake of fancied gain shatter it. If we are so minded then let us choose either Shortridge or Knowland or Rowell or Heney to represent the state in its welching attitude—Republican or Progressive matters not. Where does Mr. Phelan stand on this question so acutely affecting the honor of the nation? Does he, too, favor sneaking in a subsidy for a private interest in defiance of Democratic doctrine and the repeated

dissent of the people, or has he the manliness to support the President in the attempt to uphold a sacred obligation? If the latter then he is deserving of the support of every American citizen, irrespective of party, who sees with sorrow the humiliating position in which our congressional delegation and senatorial aspirants have placed California.

COAST SELFISHNESS VS. NATIONAL HONOR

WHAT a shame if American ships should be "forced" to pay tolls in using the Panama canal! Who owns the American ships? The nation? O, no; various individuals in business for what there is in it. Who will make up the loss of a million a year in tolls remitted, needed for the upkeep of the canal? The people—the same ones who have so generously taxed themselves \$375,000,000 to build the canal. Who will profit most by the canal built by the people? The coastwise shipping, a legalized monopoly, having no foreign competition. Then the people, in addition to building the canal, are asked to allow a private interest to use the waterway free of expense? That is the size of it. Free to the one interest profiting most by the liberality of the people who, having remitted the tolls, must dig down into their own pockets for the million a year which they are asked to present to the American coastwise shipping.

This is the essence of the "outrage" which the British are reported to have committed in demanding that we live up to our treaty obligations. These are the "insolent demands" of a foreign power—vide the Hearst-assisted New York "mass meeting." It is our territory—acquired from Panama to do with as we like—and if we like to donate a million a year to what Horace White calls "an omnibus load of ship owners" why should all the taxpayers of the United States, whose earnings have built the canal, murmur? Hurrah for the sturdy Riverside Business Men's Association which believes that the "interests of California and the Pacific coast would be 'sacrificed' by the repeal of free tolls for American ships." Astute association! Patriotic Riversiders! Not one word of regret that the honor of the nation is involved, mind you, but the Pacific coast's "interests" would be "sacrificed" were the tolls remitted.

Sacrificed how? Through the failure to get lowered freights? Are we entitled to them at the expense of the nation? Even allowing that the generous shipping combine would remit to the people the full amount of the tolls saved why has the coast a right to enjoy this privilege for which the entire country must pay? But it is incredulous that a common carrier would turn over to the people the entire amount of its tolls salvage. Who can swallow such a notion whole? The people might get ten per cent of the rake off. Admitting this much—and it is a liberal concession—we find the noble Riversiders weeping because it is proposed to "sacrifice" California to the extent noted in order that the nation may maintain its honor inviolate. Let us hope the welching resolutions, along with others of the kind, have been duly forwarded to our delegation at Washington. It will need all the home support possible to sustain it in its unhappy course.

Not to be outdone by sly "Joey" Knowland, who wants to be United States senator, and is also sawing the circumambient at Washington for free tolls, that other candidate for senatorial honors, Francis J. Heney, is now preaching national dishonor in the form of subsidy for the coastwise monopoly. He does not explain why we should so stultify the country to increase the shipping dividends to a few stockholders. Here is his sapient argument:

Now suppose we collect this money for tolls and give it back to our ships in the form of subsidies, as England and Germany do, there would be no complaint. If we have a right to do this, as other nations certainly concede we have, certainly we have the right to exempt our ships from tolls. It's all the same. It's tweedledum and tweedledee.

Is it tweedledum or tweedledee to live up to our plighted word? Nobody denies that we have the right to grant a cash subsidy to the shipping in lieu of free tolls. Great Britain does not object to that, neither does Germany, but the American people most

decidedly do and it is for that reason that the free tolls exemption clause has been sneaked into the canal act, because it is only through deception and chicanery that a subsidy grab is possible. The Hearsts, Knowlands, Kahns, Heney, *et al.*, who prate about our owning the canal must not forget that we are also obligated by our agreement with Panama, made when it ceded the canal zone, to operate the canal in conformance with the terms of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Dodge the question as the subsidy grabbers may the crux of the matter inevitably reverts to the national obligation we have incurred, which took shape with Secretary of State Clayton in 1850, was indorsed by Secretary Blaine in 1881, continued by Secretary Hay in 1890 and later confirmed by the United States senate.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

OCCASIONALLY, even the sedate senators will unbend and indulge in badinage over prospective legislation as witness the jocular remarks that were bandied in the upper house a few days ago when the District of Columbia appropriation bill was up for consideration. Senator John Sharp Williams had proposed as an amendment that the street known as the Avenue of the Presidents should be renamed Sixteenth street, its original designation. The senator from Mississippi admitted that he bought a house on the avenue when it was plain Sixteenth street. But "sassiety" folk, he declared, wanted their visiting cards to read, "Mr. John Smith, No. So-and-So Avenue of the Presidents," and as that helped real estate men to sell their property they had been instrumental in effecting the re-christening.

That arrant joker, Senator Thomas of Colorado, offered as an amendment to the amendment that the alley running parallel with the avenue be known and designated as the Alley of the Vice Presidents, whereupon John Williams in a flash of wit suggested that for the sake of brevity the word "Presidents" be stricken out. Henry Cabot Lodge favored a return to Sixteenth street. He thought the new name sounded affected and quoted Thackeray's skit in which he indulges in a little humor at the French method of naming streets:

A street there is in Paris famous,
For which our rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields.

Senator Gallinger joined in the discussion favoring the avenue appellation even though no President had ever lived on it. He hoped his colleagues would not be carried off their feet by the wit and humor flashed and interchanged over the proposal. Whereupon Mr. Williams rose to say that he found nothing humorous in the plan to give his street its original name. Said he, "There was something quite humorous in calling it 'Avenue of the Presidents' and perhaps that accounts for its getting the name; maybe it was a joke." If so, however, the senate failed to appreciate its subtlety for the proposed amendment was rejected and John Sharp Williams still lives on the Avenue of the Presidents.

ABJECT SURRENDER TO ARMY DICTATION

SHOULD the Asquith cabinet fall, as is not unlikely, the same cat-and-mouse policy that has enabled the lawless militants to defy the English criminal laws or, at least, to bring them into contempt, will be responsible for the political debacle now impending. That Sir Arthur Paget, the commander of the troops in Ireland, had definite orders from the war office to meet the situation in Ulster, where it was reported that 100,000 armed Unionists would oppose home rule, is not doubted. But with the customary backing and filling of the Liberal ministry the instructions to Paget were later repudiated and the British officer was told that he had "misunderstood" the intention.

That War Minister Seely recognized the *faux pas* is shown by the resignation of his portfolio which, however, the premier refuses to accept. Colonel Seely admits that he advised Sir Arthur Paget: "You have authority to direct General Gough and other officers who disregard this order to report to the war

office, which will send other officers to relieve them." Paget was told to refuse to accept their resignations. Evidently, Seely was proceeding in accordance with customary military precision, in which course he has been deflected by the unstable premier. Instead of this straightforward action Gough and his demurring associates were not only allowed to retain their commissions, after refusing to obey orders, but they were actually given written assurance that they would not be compelled to fight against the anti-home rulers in case the latter resorted to arms.

It is a monstrous perversion of military discipline that cannot fail to have disastrous effects upon the army in a future crisis as well as upon the wavering British administration. That King George is partially responsible for the change of front is freely hinted; his known attitude encouraged the subordinate army officers in Ireland in their recalcitrancy and to that extent weakened the administration's policy. It is an abject surrender of authority to army dictation almost without precedent.

WHAT RATE HEARINGS HAVE REVEALED

APPARENTLY, the attorney whose efforts to get the Los Angeles city council to reduce the gas rate have been productive of much vehement oratory, is really the representative of a minor gas concern eager to learn all its can about the business methods of the older corporation. In the hearing Friday before the city council it was sought to make the old-established company produce its written instructions to its solicitors, on the pretext that they had a bearing on the rate-making question. Counsel for the company demurred, arguing that the letters in nowise shed light on the matters at issue. He offered to let the councilmen read them privately in proof of his assertion, which invitation was accepted and his contentions were supported.

But the rival attorney egged the gallery to demand a sight of the letters which, of course, was for the purpose of allowing his real clients to profit by the alert methods of the bigger concern. The chairman of the council, ignoring the rights of the protesting company, yielded to the prodded clamors of the clacuers and made formal request for the production of the instructions which, of course, was refused. Imagine the chairman of the council turning to the company's counsel and saying, apologetically—we quote from the Tribune: "You have heard what these people"—the assisted clamorers—"have said. There is nothing to do but make the demand on you for the papers."

This is a fair illustration of the invidious manner in which the council is conducting the rate hearings. No regard is shown for the rights of the cited corporation; no judicial poise is possible where the infected gallery is constantly making unjust demands in order to influence the council, and witnesses introduced by the opposition lawyer are not rebuked when making insulting remarks. So far as we have been able to follow the testimony the council has elicited the fact that the gas company, in the prosecution of a vigorous campaign for business, has spent about \$10,000 a year in various publicity schemes which would mean an extra expense of about two mills on each 1000 cubic feet of gas. What a molehill from a mountain of the rawest oratory ever hurled at a self-respecting, law-abiding public utility concern which is furnishing a first-rate product at the lowest price on the coast! Even Chicago, with her two millions of inhabitants, pays 80 cents for gas.

It begins to be evident that the council is convened not to get the facts and shape its verdict in accordance, but to ape the Mexican court martial procedure which condemns in advance and executes regardless of the evidence. To please the rabble and a vindictive publisher the hue-and-cry of excessive rates has been raised, but beyond the two mills of added expense admitted nothing has been advanced to show why a cut below 70 cents should be made. A verdict not in accordance with the facts will, naturally, be resented by the company which will be bound to contest a confiscatory rate. Meanwhile,

prospective consumers will suffer great inconvenience and a concern that has been in business in Los Angeles county for upward of forty years will be the victim of malicious injustice.

CANAL HISTORY IN REVIEW

REPLYING to the statement of Lewis Nixon, the well-known shipbuilder, that he had "never seen a sincere or logical argument to uphold the Hay-Pauncefote provisions against remission of tolls," the New York World in a masterly review of the international proceedings bearing on the canal project presents a convincing exegesis of the subject from which we make summary and offer comment for the further enlightenment of our readers. It should be remembered that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was a convention to define the joint policy of the United States and Great Britain "with reference to any means of communication by ship-canal which may be constructed between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans," having the Nicaragua route at that time in mind.

In ratifying the treaty in May, 1850, the United States senate pledged this country along with Great Britain never to obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over said ship-canal; neither to erect nor maintain any fortifications commanding the same. It was further provided, in the desire to establish a general principle, that the two governments agreed to extend their protection, by treaty stipulations, to *any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway . . . by way of Tehuantepec or Panama*. Says the World: "This treaty was hailed at the time as a notable victory for American diplomacy. It ended all American misgivings as to the objects of the British policy on the Mosquito coast, and it was regarded as more favorable to American than to British interests."

Interest in the subject waned for many years and did not become acute again until De Lesseps appeared upon the scene. President Hayes then urged American control on the ground that the line of the canal should be considered "a part of the coast line of the United States." A house resolution to that effect was reported March 8, 1880, which authorized the President to terminate any treaty conflicting with that principle, but it failed of adoption; congress refused to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. Later, Frelinghuysen, Arthur's secretary of state, with a view to testing the treaty of 1850, entered into negotiations with Nicaragua for the construction of a canal entirely under American control. This was withdrawn from the senate when Cleveland assumed office.

With the Spanish-American war vitalizing the canal question John Hay undertook to bring about a modification of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The final draft, also considered highly creditable to American diplomacy, provided in unmistakable language for the use of the canal on terms of *entire equality*, with no discrimination whatsoever. This phraseology applied to the vessels of commerce and of war of *all* nations, not all *other* nations. It was in complete harmony with what had preceded. For the ceding of full control to America and the right to fortify the canal, a marked modification of the earlier treaty, we in turn agreed to place the vessels of all nations on an equality with our own; that was our concession to Great Britain for her waiving of former stipulations. It was a bargain, a distinct agreement.

Lord Pauncefote and John Hay are dead, but Joseph H. Choate, who as American ambassador to Great Britain helped to negotiate the treaty, still lives. We quoted his words in these columns the other day in which he said that in the whole course of the negotiations, no claim, no suggestion, was made that there should be any exemption of anybody. Mr. Choate is emphatic in his declaration that the clause in the canal act exempting American coastwise shipping from payment of tolls is in direct violation of the treaty.

Yet to help a shipping combine extract a million dollars a year or thereabouts from the American treasury, and at the expense of our national honor, we are urged by such patriots as Senator O'Gorman,

together with our would-be senators on the Pacific coast, to ignore all past history and to believe that the word "vessel" as used in the treaty applies only to vessels in the foreign trade, thus exempting our coastwise vessels. "In other words," sarcastically comments the World, "a vessel is a vessel if it does not get a subsidy, but it is a raft or a derrick or a pike-pole if it does get a subsidy." Our contemporary argues, as we have done repeatedly, that the contenders for free tolls are in the attitude of placing the interests of the coastwise shipping monopoly above the supreme law of the land, in order to give a million dollars a year to men who are already protected against every form of foreign competition. To do so the nation must violate its solemn pledge. The argument is offered by the Knowlands, Heneyes, et al., that we do it to build up the American merchant marine. That is folly. The merchant marine in the foreign trade is not exempted from toll paying. It is the "vessels" having no competition we are invited to subsidize at the expense of the national treasury and the nation's honor.

CHAMBERLAIN'S BIGOTTED RANTING

NEXT to Knowland's blatancies, who, of course, is posing for political effect and as a candidate for the United States senate, to succeed Perkins, the senator from Oregon, George E. Chamberlain, also having an eye on his re-election, is, perhaps, the most obnoxious supporter of the free tolls subsidy measure. A fair sample of his mouthings was heard on the floor of the senate chamber Wednesday when he said he would never stand there "and advocate that his government yield anything to Great Britain. That nation is universally understood to be not the friend of America."

To this narrow-minded and untruthful statement the Oregon senator added the charge that Andrew Carnegie deserved to be indicted for treason for endeavoring to inculcate a reciprocal feeling for Great Britain in the minds of the people of the United States. Think of such balderdash being seriously offered as argument against the repeal of the free tolls exemption clause! Not a word in regard to the *bona fides* of the treaty, or otherwise; nothing to contravene the obvious charge of ship subsidy for the coastwise monopoly, whose freedom of the canal means a loss in revenue of a million dollars a year, which the American people who have built the canal at a cost of \$375,000,000 must subscribe for maintenance purposes. Merely a gratuitous thrust at our natural English ally and a ridiculous arraignment of Mr. Carnegie, whose efforts to insure international peace are so highly to be commended and who sees in a close bond of friendship between the two English-speaking countries a notable means to the end he seeks to bring about.

Has Senator Chamberlain so soon forgotten the attitude of Great Britain in the celebrated Manila Bay incident, when the German admiral was so perniciously active in annoying Admiral Dewey until the American naval commander's patience was well-nigh exhausted and he sent a curt note to the waspish German officer reminding him that such conduct, if persisted in, meant war. It was then that the British commander ranged his ships in line with ours and clearly showed on which side his guns would train if the emergency arose. "Blood is thicker than water" was the comment of a hundred American newspapers at that time. Chamberlain ought to realize that wise diplomacy dictates the necessity of having England's moral support in any emergency that may arise when her good will is not to be doubted.

Is it possible that the people of Oregon, constituents of Senator Chamberlain, are impressed by his banalities, offered as argument? It is so serious a reflection on their common sense that we refuse to entertain the notion. But even the Oregon senator's tirades are lifted out of the realm of sheer buncombe when compared with the amazing attitude of the speaker of the house, Champ Clark, who will be remembered as the Hearst candidate for President at Baltimore. Consider his peanut politics: Whether as a possible candidate for the presidency in 1916, to oppose President Wilson openly and precipitate a

party break, with the canal tolls' question an issue in the next campaign, or to remain only a passive opponent of the administration in the pending fight? Nice sort of President, that, to be installed in the White House, plastic material for Hearstic kneading!

POETRY IN THE "BEST-SELLING" CLASS

POETS, chirk up! The head of the largest publishing house in the country asserts that "for the first time since Tennyson the poets have broken into the 'best sellers' class." Now, praises be. Why this remarkable change in the public's attitude toward literature? Is it because John Masfield's "Everlasting Mercy" and his "Dauber" have whetted the appetite? Perhaps, the fact that the Nobel prize winner, Tagore, the Bengali poet has been inciting the curiosity of the public as to his wares has aided in the reestablishing of poetry in the market. It is said that the sales of "The Gardener" in America alone have exceeded 100,000 copies, a Los Angeles bookseller having disposed of 500 volumes.

Undoubtedly, the virile work of Alfred Noyes has assisted in this rehabilitation of poetry, his "Tales of the Mermaid Inn" delighting thousands of lovers of good literature. Which reminds us that the remark attributed to Alfred Noyes that he has been "insistent" on making literature and poetry "pay" is deeply resented by the poet. In a recent communication to the New York Times he had this to say:

No such phrase has ever, at any time, passed my lips; and I have a hundred friends, a hundred witnesses, including my publishers, who will testify to the persistent efforts I have made to put an end to this parrotlike repetition of a catch word that has been the only unpleasant memory of my visit to America. The New York Evening Post exaggerated nothing when it said last week, in a very generous leading article, that it was the sort of thing that would make a man lie awake in the night and wonder whether it had been worth while to write his books at all. For nothing could be quite so abhorrent, or seem quite so vulgar, so cheap, to any artist who stands in any sensitive relation to his art, as the parading of such an aspect of his work before the world. It is like accusing a man of marrying for money. The thing is so crude that it is with the greatest difficulty that I can bring myself to write even this disclaimer.

Mr. Noyes appeals to the sense of fair play and good fellowship which he knows exists in the American press to acquit him of a phrase that he protests is absolutely none of his making. It has caused him genuine pain to be so charged and has gone far to "embitter the generous wine of hospitality" that has been poured for him in this country. Certainly, it is unfair to saddle on the poet—soon to be a member of Princeton faculty, it is hoped—the "smart" sayings of others. There is a vast difference between making poetry "pay," as he has done, and charging that he has been "insistent" as to the financial rewards of his art. To one who has given the public so much that is fine and uplifting and entertaining the least we can do is to treat him fairly.

GRAPHITES

All bets are off at Torreón, at Torreón, at Torreón,
All bets are off at Torreón where Villa halts for
breath;
And dares them drive their quarry on, their quarry on,
their quarry on,
And dares them drive their quarry on to cruel, bloody
death.

Representative Knowland of California, together with his kind, is to be allowed five hours in which to get his political speech (for home consumption) in the Congressional Record, as a campaign document. Incidentally, he will strive to have the United States senate, to which he aspires, repudiate one of its treaties, thereby dishonoring the country.

Twenty thousand bales of cotton raised in the Imperial valley, breaking all previous records, and an asparagus crop in California surpassing all that have preceded! Thank you, the country is not going to the dogs, even if we do repeal the free tolls subsidy.

Bully for Massachusetts! The state house of representatives has approved the proposed constitutional amendment eliminating the word "male" from among voting qualifications. If the people of the Bay state ratify the amendment later, the middle west states

Perhaps, by this time, Premier Asquith has mentally determined that it should be spelled "Ulcer."

Brief Studies of Alfred Noyes' Work--II. By HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

TURNING to the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," we find the following titles: "A Knight of the Ocean-Sea," "A Coiner of Angels," "Black Bill's Honeymoon," "The Sign of the Golden Shoe," "The Companion of a Mile," "Big Ben," "The Burial of a Queen," "Flos Mercatorum," "Raleigh." Each tale has to do with a notable event in English history. Shakespeare, Marlowe, Jonson, Dekker, Beaumont, Fletcher, Bacon, Greene, Nash, Lyly, Chapman, Seldon, Drayton, Drummond, Raleigh, these are the tellers of the tales, the wits, the singers, the actors in this Elizabethan drama of imagination. The whole conception is big and Mr. Noyes handles it admirably. For the sake of brevity let us call each title a scene. In the first scene, which serves to introduce more notable characters, Alfred Noyes, the poet, is translated through a dream to waiter, or pot-boy at the Mermaid Tavern of three hundred years ago. He is standing outside the doorway:

Even as I stood and listened came a sound
Of clashing wine-cups; then a deep-voiced song
Made the old timbers of the Mermaid Inn
Shake as a galleon shakes in a gale of wind
As she rolls glorying through the ocean-sea.

Then follows the song, "Marchaunt Adventures," a rollicking sea-ditty brimming with the spirit of adventure that was the glory of Elizabeth's reign. As the song is concluded with a Homeric chorus the pot-boy sees:

That ended the deep street, dark on its light
A figure like foot-feathered Mercury
Tall, straight and splendid as a sunset cloud.
Clad in a crimson doublet and trunk hose. . . .

Over his arm
He swung a gorgeous murrey-colored cloak
Of Cyprus velvet, caked and smeared with mud
As on the day when—did I dream or wake?
And had not all this happened once before?
When he had laid the cloak before the feet
Of Gloriana! By the mud-stained cloak
'Twas he! Our ocean-shepherd! Walter Raleigh!

He brushed me passing and with one vigorous
thrust
Opened the door and entered. At his heels I followed. . . .

There, flitting to and fro with cups of wine
I heard them toss the Chrysomelan names
From mouth to mouth—Lyly and Peele and Lodge,
Kit Marlowe, Michael Drayton and the rest,
With Ben, rare Ben, bricklayer Ben who rolled
Like a great galleon on his ingle-bench.
This young Gargantua with the bull-dog jaws
The "T" for Tyburn branded on his thumb,
And grim pock-pitted face, was growling tales
To Dekker, that would fright a buccaneer. . . .

At this point Walter Raleigh joins in the conversation and in a vivid lyric describes Sir Humphrey Gilbert's last expedition, his unquenchable devotion to commercial exploration and his fate. The lyric concludes with the loss of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's ship in a storm and that great explorer's dauntless cry:

As near to heaven by sea as by land!

Here Mr. Noyes has paid a fine tribute to the memory of a man who has been well-nigh forgotten. The names of Raleigh and Drake have overshadowed Gilbert's name, possibly, because Gilbert failed, possibly, because Gilbert was not a warrior but a man of peace seeking commercial advantages for England. The tale concludes as Michael Drayton rises and proposes a toast:

Since many have obtained
Absolute glory that have done great deeds,
But fortune is not in the power of man
So that they, truly attempting, nobly fail,
Deserve great honor of the commonwealth.
Such glory did the Greeks and Romans give
To those that in great enterprises fell
Seeking the true commodity of their country
And profit to all mankind. . . .
Sir Humphrey Gilbert was worthy to be made
Knight of the Ocean-sea. I bid you all
Stand up and drink to his immortal fame!

Three nights later the next scene opens with Ben Jonson and Kit Marlowe entering the tavern:

Ben Jonson and Kit Marlowe, arm in arm
Swaggered into the Mermaid Inn and called
For red-deer pies. There, as they supped I caught
Scraps of ambrosial talk concerning Will,
His Venus and Adonis. Gabriel thought
'Twas wrong to change the old writers and create
A cold Adonis.

"Laws were made for Will,
Not Will for laws, since first he stole a buck

In Charlecote woods. Bring me some wine," called
Ben,
And with his knife thrumming upon the board
He chanted, while his comrade munched and
smiled;

"Will Shakespeare's out like Robin Hood
With his merry men all in green
To steel a deer in Charlecote wood
Where never a deer was seen.

"This buck has browsed on elfin boughs
Of rose-marie and bay,
And he's carried it home to the little white house
Of sweet Anne Hathaway."

In this same lyric Jonson further describes the wrath of Sir Thomas Lucy at Shakespeare's poaching. While the whole theme is more or less legendary, you will recall the fact that Shakespeare did make a coarse but telling play upon Sir Thomas Lucy's coat-of-arms. Then enters Richard Bame, the Puritan, and Marlowe's enemy. Marlowe and Johnson make mock of him and lead him into a plot to make counterfeit money, whence comes the title of this scene, "A Coiner of Angels." Bame states that he has come from the death-bed of Robert Greene and gives into their hands a little slip of paper on which is written Greene's last verse, his farewell to his friends at the Mermaid, and withal a tribute to them. As Bame enters Marlowe turns to Jonson:

" Be grave!
Bame is the godliest hypocrite on earth!
Remember I'm an atheist, black as coal.
He called me Wormall in an anagram.
Help me to bait him; but be very grave.
We'll talk of Venus."

As he whispered thus
A long white face with small black-beaded eyes
Peered at him through the doorway. All too well
Afterward I recalled the scene when Bame,
Out of revenge for this same night, I guessed,
Penned his foul tract on Marlowe's tragic fate;
And twelve months later, I watched our Puritan
Riding to Tyburn in the hangman's cart
For thieving from an old bed-ridden dame
With whom he prayed, at supper-time, on Sundays.

Like a conspirator he sidled in
Clasping a little pamphlet to his breast,
While, feigning not to see him, Ben began:
"Will's Venus and Adonis, Kit, is rare,
A round, sound, full-blown piece of thorough work,
On a great canvas, colored, like one I saw
In Italy, by one—Titian! None of those toys
Of artistry your lank-haired losels turn,
Your Phyllida—love-lies-bleeding-kiss-me-quicks—
Your fluttering sighs and mark-how-I-break-my-
beats—
Begotten like this whenever and how you list;
Your moths of verse that shrivel in every taper;
But a sound piece of craftsmanship to last
Until the stars are out He's listening,
Nay, don't look. . . .
Think of that kiss of Venus! Deep, sweet, slow,
As the dawn breaking to its perfect flower
And golden moon of bliss; then slow, sweet, deep,
Like a great honeyed sunset it dissolves
Away!"

A hollow groan like a bass viol
Resounded through the room. Up started Kit
In feigned alarm—"What, Master Richard Bame!"
 "Quick, Ben, the good man's ill! Bring him
some wine!
Red wine for Master Bame, the blood of Ven's
That stained the rose!
"Sirs, you mistake!" coughed Bame, waving his
hands
And struggling to his feet; "Sirs, I have brought
A message from a youth who walked with you
In wantonness aforetime, and is now
Groaning in sulphurous fires!"

Ben Jonson turns to Kit Marlowe in feigned seriousness;

Kit, that means hell!

Bame takes him seriously;

"Yes, sirs, a pamphlet from the pit of hell,
Written by Robert Greene before he died."

Will Shakespeare enters unseen and seats himself behind Jonson, Bame and Marlowe. Marlowe reads from the pamphlet that Greene is supposed to have written in repentance on his death-bed:

"Trust them not; for there is an upstart crow
Beautiful with our feathers!"

And being absolute
Johannes fac-totum is in his own conceit
The only Shake-scene in a country!"

"Feathers!" exploded Ben,
"Why come to that, he pouched
Your eagle's feather of blank verse and lit
His Friar Bacon's little magic lamp
At the Promethean fire of Faustus. Jove,

It was a faery buck indeed that Will
Poached in the greenwood. . . ."

The voice of Shakespeare quietly broke in
As laying a hand on either shoulder of Kit,
He stood behind him in the gloom and smiled
Across the table at Ben, whose eyes still blazed
With boyhood's generous wrath. "Rob was a poet.
He thought I wronged him. His heart's blood
beats in this.
Look, where he says he dies forsaken, Kit!"

"Died drunk, more like," growled Ben.

"And if he did,"
Will answered, "none was there to help him home,
Had not a poor old cobbler chanced upon him
Dying in the streets, and taken him to his house
And let him break his heart on his own bed.
Read his last words. You know he left his wife
And played the moth at tavern tapers, burnt
His wings and dropped into the mud. Read here,
His dying words to his forsaken wife,
Written in blood, Ben, blood. Read it: 'I charge
thee,
Doll, by the love of our youth, by my soul's rest
See this man paid! Had he not succored me
I had died in the streets.'"

How young he was to call
Thus on their poor dead youth, this withered
shadow
That once was Robin Greene. He left a child—
See, in its face he prays her not to find
The father's, but her own; "He is yet green
And may grow straight. . . . So flickers his
last jest—
Then out forever.

Raleigh, who has listened to Bame's cant, suggests that the Puritan be made to eat the pamphlet, which seems to have more of Bame in it than Greene. Shakespeare interjects:

As for that scrap of paper
Why, which of us could send his heart and soul
Through Caxton's printing-press and hope to find
The pretty pair unmangled? I'll not trust
The spoken word, no, not of my own lips
Before the Judgement Throne against myself,
On on my own defence; and I'll not trust
The printed word to mirror Robert Greene."

Then follows the reading by Kit Marlowe, of the last poem written by Robert Greene and dedicated to his friends of the Mermaid Inn. This invention of Mr. Noyes serves to illustrate the probable attitude of Greene toward Shakespeare, and aside from this it is a clever criticism of Shakespeare's method of appropriating anything of dramatic value. At the conclusion of Greene's poem of farewell to his companions, a group of players enter;

A sudden throng of players bustled in
Shaking the rain from their plumed hats.

One of the players, clad as a woman, recognizes the Puritan, Richard Bame;

"What, Gonzago, you!"
A short fat player called in a deep voice
Across the room, and, throwing aside his cloak
To show the woman's robe he wore beneath,
Minced up to Bame and bellowed—"Tis such men
As you, that tempt us women to our fall!"
And all the throng of players rocked and roared.

The scene is ended with a song in praise of Fire and Friendship. Aside from the rollicking comedy, the wit and satire in "Black Bill's Honeymoon," which follows, the most interesting phase of this scene is the introduction of Francis Bacon with his pedantry. Jonson, Marlowe and Shakespeare are present and they induce John Davis to chant the sea-ditty, "Black Bill's Honeymoon," for the edification of Bacon. As Sir Francis was frigidly classic, the title of the song alone may suggest the satire in its proposal. The scene is opened thus:

The garlands of a Whitsun ale were strewn
About our rushes, the night that Raleigh brought
Bacon to sup with us. There on that night
I saw the singer of the Faerie Queen
Quietly spreading out his latest cantos
For Shakespeare's eye, like white sheets in the sun.
Marlowe, our morning star, and Michael Drayton
Talked in that ingle-nook. And Ben was there,
Humming a song upon that old black settle;

"Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not ask for wine."

But, meanwhile, he drank Malmsey.

Francis Bacon
Straddled before the fire; and all at once
He said to Shakespeare in a voice that gripped
The Mermaid Tavern like an arctic frost:

There are no poets in these days of ours,
Not to compare with Plautus. They are all
Dead, the men that were famous in old days."

"Why, so they are," said Will. The humming stopped.

I saw poor Spencer, a shy, gentle soul
With haunted eyes like starlit forest pools,
Smuggling his cantos under his cloak again.

"There's verse enough, no doubt," Bacon went on,
"But English is no language for the Muse.
Whom would you call our best? There's Gabriel Harvey,

And Edward, Earl of Oxford. Then there's Dyer,
And Doctor Golding; while for tragedy,
Thomas, Lord Buckhurst hath a lofty vein.
And in a lighter, prettier vein, why, Will,
There is thyself! But where is Euripides?"

"Dead!" echoed Ben in a deep, ghost-like voice.

And drip—drip—drip—outside we heard the rain
Miserably dropping round the Mermaid Inn.

"Thy 'Summer's Night' eh, Will? Midsummer Night?"

That's a quaint fancy," Bacon droned anew,
"But Athens was an error, Will! Not Athens!
Titania knew not Athens! These wild elves
Of thy Midsummer's Dream—eh? Midnight Dream?
Are English all. Thy woods, too, smack of Eng-
land;
They never grew round Athens. Bottom, too,
He is not Greek!"

Then, apparently, to the amusement of Shakes-
peare and the disgust of Marlowe and Jonson, Ba-
con continues:

Thy talents with discretion, and obey
Classic examples, thou mightst match old Plautus
In all except priority of tongue.
This English tongue is only for an age
But Latin for all time. So I propose
To embalm in Latin my philosophies.

"Well seize your hour! But ere you die, you'll sail
A British galleon to the golden courts
Of Cleopatra."

Marlowe interrupts Bacon with a thunderous mick-
ing of Tamburlaine. Then John Davis chants
the lyric "Black Bill's Honeymoon." There is a de-
licious commingling of wit, humor and satire in the
conclusion of this scene. After the roaring ditty has
been sung and they are all crying for wine, Bacon,
unmindful of the true spirit of the song, takes up
his little dissertation on honey:

"Also we see
As Pliny saith, this honey being a swette
Of heaven, a certain spittle of the stars
Which gathering unclean vapors as it falls
Hangs as a fat dew on the boughs, the bees
Obtain it partly thus. . . .

And, as he leaned to Drayton, droning thus,
I saw a light gleam of celestial mirth
Flit o'er the face of Shakespeare—scarce a smile—
A swift irradiation from within
As of a cloud that softly veils the sun.

In the next scene, "The Sign of the Golden Shoe,"
we have the tragedy of Marlowe's death. Thomas
Nash enters the Mermaid Tavern, his clothing in
disarray:

Shivering like a fragment of the night,
His face a yellow parchment and his eyes
Burning.

"The plague! He has taken it!" voices cried.

Ben leapt to his feet. "What ails you, man?
What's that upon your breast?
Blood?"

"Marlowe is dead," said Nash
And stunned the room to silence.

"Marlowe dead!"
Ben caught him by the shoulders. "Nash, awake!
What do you mean, Marlowe, Kit Marlowe dead?
You are drunk. You are dead. There's blood upon
your coat.

"That's where he died," said Nash, and suddenly
sank
Sidelong across a bench, bowing his head
Between his hands. . . .

Marlowe's father was a shoemaker. In this scene
Alfred Noyes pays an unforgettable tribute to the
shoemaker's son Kit. There is too much of this fine
lyric to admit of quoting it all. However, another
lyric, supposed to have been recited by Nash, is well
worth reading for its suggested atmosphere, an at-
mosphere which undoubtedly influenced largely the
life of Marlowe the poet.

A cobbler lived in Canterbury
—He is dead now, poor soul—
He sat at his door and stitched in the sun,
Nodding and smiling at everyone,
For St. Hugh makes all cobblers merry. . . .

And anon he would cry
"Kit! Kit! Kit!" to his little son,
"Look at the pilgrims riding by!
Dance down, hop down, after them run!"

Then like an unfledged linnet, out
Would tumble the brave little lad
With a piping shout,—
"Oh, look at them, look at them, look at them, Dad!
Priest and Prioress, Abbot and Friar,
Soldier, seaman, knight and squire!
How many countries have they seen?
Is there a king there, is there a queen?
Dad, one day
Thou, and I must ride like this,
All along the pilgrim's way,
By Glastonbury and Samarcand,
El Dorado and Cathay,
London and Persepolis,
All the way to Holy Land!"

Then, shaking his head as if he knew
Under the sign of the Golden Shoe
Touched by the glow of the setting sun
While the pilgrims passed,
The little cobbler would laugh and say
"When you are old you will understand
'Tis a very long way
To Samarcand!
Why, largely to exaggerate
Befits not men of small estate,
But I should say, yes, I should say,
'Tis a hundred miles from where you stand
And a hundred more, my little son,
A hundred more to Holy Land.
I have work in the world to do,
(Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl
To good St. Hugh),
The cobbler must stick to his last."

There may be a more detailed and ambitious ac-
count of Kit Marlowe's early environment, but,
surely, there is not a more charming one. Follow-
ing this lyric is another describing Marlowe's un-
fortunate associations and associates. It concludes
with:

But he who dared the thunder roll
Whose eagle-wings could soar
Buffeting down the clouds of night
To beat against the Light of Light,
That great, God-blinded, eagle soul,
We shall not see him more.

Here again Mr. Noyes has crystallized in one
brief stanza of this lyric all that has ever been said
or written concerning Kit Marlowe's power, his so-
called atheism, and his promise of future greatness.

BARRIE'S AIRY "LEGEND OF LEONORA"

IN "The Legend of Leonora" Mr. Barrie comes
into his own again. It is a trifle, as light and
airy as thistledown, but as whimsical and as de-
lightfully unreal as Mr. Barrie at his best can give
us. The first act merely serves to introduce Leon-
ora, the others concern themselves with the making
of the legend. Mr. and Mrs. Tobey are giving a
dinner party. Through a mistake Mr. Rattray comes
half an hour too early and is left to his own devices
while his hosts dress. He is given the impression
that the party will be large, for besides Mr. Lebet-
ter, a solicitor, he is told that there will be present
a woman with too much sense of humor, a woman
with no sense of humor, a suffragist who drops
things and makes a riot if anyone picks them up, a
coquette, a mother that is very woman, and a mur-
deress. While he is trying to fix these characteris-
tics in his mind the bell rings and a woman comes
in. He must entertain her and of course to do so
properly he must find out which one she is. He
blunders from one conclusion to another, alternat-
ing between charm and dread, only to find that she
is all the women in one, including the murderess,
who has broken another engagement for the sake
of meeting him. Manlike, he criticises the deed.
Leonora was in a railway carriage and her little
girl had a cold. A brute opened the window. Leon-
ora explained as nicely as she could that her little
girl had a cold and asked him to shut it, indeed, she
asked him very politely twice, but the man insisted
that he was stifling and that he would not close the
window. So she took the only course open to her.
Quite calmly she pushed him out of the window
and shut it. The man was cruel enough to die on
the tracks and that is what all the fuss is about.

Leonora is heart broken that Rattray should criti-
cise her, for nobody has ever done that before, and
she disappears through the conservatory window
just as the others come in. Rattray is set upon and
is very quickly made to understand that Leonora
can do no wrong. He apologizes. He did not un-
derstand, he says, that the little girl had a cold.
That makes all the difference. And Leonora is all
smiles again. She knows that nobody could fail to
understand when he knows that the little girl had a
cold. And so she is not particularly bothered about
the trial that will be an incident of the next week.
The scene of the trial is a court room in old Bailey.
The Captain is her solicitor. He has succumbed to
her charms and is taking advantage of his old-time
training to defend her. Mr. Lebetter and the other
friends are in court. Mr. Lebetter, retained by the
prosecution, is ubiquitously engaged in preventing
the prosecution from scoring a point. Everybody,

judge, jury, witnesses and solicitors, is laboriously
proving that Leonora couldn't possibly have com-
mitted the murder, while Leonora insists upon tell-
ing just how, when and why she did it. Leonora
wants to catch the six-thirty train home and every-
thing is so much simpler the way it really happened
that she doesn't understand why they don't tell the
truth as she is quite sure that everything will be all
right as soon as everybody understands. Mr. Lebet-
ter testifies that he was playing golf with the vic-
tim hours after the murder was supposed to have
taken place. Leonora doesn't understand how that
could have been unless there were two of them. Mr.
Tobey has a convenient whistle that warns his wife
when she is testifying every time she gets on dan-
gerous ground. The justice finds that so valuable
that he uses it when another witness is unwise. At
last, Leonora in the witness box tells all about it;
just the kind of a cold her little girl had and just
how she pushed the man out, absolutely upsetting
the accident theory resorted to by her counsellor af-
ter she had upset the alibi proved by Mr. Lebetter.

* * *

Leonora won't have it that it was an accident. She
did it deliberately because her little girl had a cold
and she wanted to shut the window. And she or-
ders all the jurymen who have children of their own
to stand up. There is only one course left her so-
licitor. He confesses that he committed the crime.
He was a deadly enemy of the man. They fought.
The man fell against the door. It opened and spilled
him out and Leonora has taken the guilt upon her-
self in the belief that no jury would convict a
mother whose little girl had a cold. Leonora flouts
this and the prosecuting attorney asks for a verdict
of guilty, at the same time showing that no motive
for the crime was proved. The judge sums up. As
no motive had been proved there was no motive
and who ever heard of a murder without a motive?
After seeing Leonora so intimately, if the jurors
need to discuss their verdict they can go to the jury
room. To his surprise, all file out. But they request
to have Leonora deliberate with them and that
means that they come back each man with a flower
in his buttonhole, not to hang her, but to acquit her.
And then Mr. Justice Grymdvke pays his tribute to
Leonora: "You are one of those around whom leg-
ends grow even in their lifetime. This is the sort
of thing you might have done if your little girl had
had a cold and this is how we might have acted
had you done it. You are not of today—foolish,
wayward, unself-conscious communicative little Leo-
nora. The women of today are different and wiser.
But as we look longingly at you we see again in
their habit as they lived those out-of-date, unrea-
soning, womanish creatures our mothers and grand-
mothers and other dear ones long ago lived and lost
—and as if you were the last woman, Leonora, we
bid you hail and farewell."

* * *

Perhaps, this furnishes the keynote of this ex-
travagant, humorous little fantasy, which ends as
it should with Captain Rattray watching Leonora
shell peas and implanting a kiss upon her cheeks to
see if she will draw away. She doesn't in spite of
her widowhood and her seven children. The little
play is delightfully staged and acted. Miss Adams
has just the right amount of humor, womanliness
and whimsicality that the role needs and one un-
derstands perfectly the general adoration she in-
spires. Arthur Lewis as Mr. Justice Grimdyke is
delightful. Morton Selten as Sir Roderick Peripety,
Aubrey Smith as Captain Rattray and R. Peyton
Carter as Mr. Lebetter add greatly to the fun.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, March 23, 1914.

General Otis Needs a Bodyguard

If Supervisor R. H. Norton is correctly quoted in
the evening paper of his friend, E. T. Earl, General
Otis would do well to hire a bodyguard. Norton says
a Times reporter called on him and asked several
questions concerning his private affairs, to which he
replied thus: "I told him plainly that they were none
of his business and also that there was once a man
named Hardison in this town and what the owner of
the Times got from him would not be a marker if
they undertook to publish anything at all about my
private affairs." As the Norton recall is now launch-
ed, and as it is not a characteristic of the general to
drop a plan when threatened, I beg herewith to make
application for a ringside seat at the festivities. The
Hardison-Otis episode which I witnessed, seems to
bid fair in its way to become as notable as the Grove
L. Johnson speech in congress on William Randolph
Hearst.

Receipt of the complete speech of Ambassador
Page, requested by the senate, proves that it was a
sound utterance, in nowise savoring of toadying and
in no sense a relinquishment of American principles.
The Hearst barkers will have to yelp in another di-
rection.

Mme. Caillaux, it is reported, "wept" at her initial hearing for the killing of Editor Calmette. She should save her tears for the trial.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

One of the most successful concerts it has ever given was presented by the Lyric Club at the Auditorium last Friday night. Possibly, this was because of the definite idea in the arrangement and composition of the program and partly because of the interest added by the presence of the composer honored by the club. This was not the first visit of Charles Wakefield Cadman to Los Angeles, and in his former sojourn here he had made many friends, all of whom were hearty in their welcome to him on this occasion. Mr. Cadman was represented by eight numbers, most of them examples of his particular hobby, that of using Indian themes as bases for his musical structures. In this he is eminently successful; in the matter of creating artistically beautiful works by means of entirely civilized harmonies. He puts, as near as may be, the Indian droneings and fractions of half-steps into our notation, creates, as near as may be, the Indian atmosphere by means of weird harmonies. As a result I think Cadman should have a whole lot more credit than the noble red man—at least, I like the Pittsburg part of it better than the Oklahoma. Inspired by the presence of the composer, the Lyric Club, under Mr. Poulton, did its best work. Its hundred fair choristers were well balanced as to the quartet parts, and they sang with delightful accuracy of attack and delicacy of shading.

One number of the program, "The Wish," is a chorus dedicated to the club. It is not among the best things Mr. Cadman has done, but it is a flowing melody, and was given with the assistance of Messrs. Seiling and Simonsen. These performers, with Mr. Cadman at the piano, played a manuscript trio of the latter, a work which has a particularly interesting first movement and is quite melodic throughout. In fact, Mr. Cadman is essentially a melodist—a bit of Italian mixed with his Indian, perhaps—and it is that feature which gives his works their hold on the people. Anna M. Gray was the soloist, singing the solo in Hofmann's "Song of the Norns" (programmed "horns"). With the eradication of a pronounced vibrato Mrs. Gray would take high rank among local singers. Mrs. Chick was heard in an organ number by Rubinstein and in organ accompaniment to one selection. Mrs. Robinson, as usual, made contemporaries envious by her memorization of the many piano accompaniments to the chorus.

To the uninitiated, a concert program including but three numbers would seem extremely short—but it all depends on what the numbers are. For instance, I have heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra give a program including three symphonies—when one was enough for anyone. So, we were thankful that only one of the numbers at the last symphony concert was a symphony, and that one of the most enjoyable in the symphonic repertoire, overture No. 3. This does not call for notice, as its formal and rather antiquated measures fall behind the dramatic music of the day. But in the second and third movements of the Tchaikowsky symphony there was some of the most interesting music that has been written in the last quarter of a century. Full of life, of color, of ideas—novel in theme and in orches-

tral combinations, these movements represent the spirit of the later day in music—though not the latest day—leave that to Debussy and Strauss. Though many would say the latter are ahead of their day, and it is true most great composers are. Beethoven was in advance of his time, so was Wagner, so is Strauss. Such men stride in advance; in two or three decades the world catches up. Mr. Tandler gave a virile reading of the work, full of spirit, and the orchestra rose to his demands with exactness and spirit. It was one of the best interpretations he has presented in these concerts.

Axel Simonsen was the soloist, playing a De Swert violoncello concerto. While part of the work was commonplace in construction—a good half of the long orchestral introduction could well be blue-pencilled,—there is call in it for much virtuosity and Mr. Simonsen was fully equal to the occasion. He played with a freedom and confidence that inspired his listeners with a like feeling; he was rewarded with repeated recalls but had the good taste not to play an encore number. I must say that I enjoyed Mr. Simonsen's playing fully as much (if not more) as that of Gerardy, a few nights before on the same stage—an artist who has a world reputation. Mr. Tandler, in this concert, adds another success to his series. He conducted the overture and concerto without notes—and that symphony is no light task to store in mind. Mr. Tandler has a big musical grasp and a live sympathy with the modern composers; and so I am all the sorer to see him gradually yielding to the posturings of a Creator in his conducting.

Giving orchestral concerts at the high schools as promised by the Symphony Orchestra is one of the most practical ways of increasing the public esteem of good music. A good many musicians underrate the value of the musical work being done in the public schools and decry it on the ground of superficiality. On the same ground they might condemn nearly all the work of the schools. It is a matter of fact that the average high school student cannot read, clearly and understandingly, a newspaper article, so that a hearer may enjoy it. And the penmanship of many students is a travesty on the memory of Spencer—or any other good penman. Test a high school graduate on geography—and what fearful and wonderful information you will get. But all this is no reason for condemning the public schools or the subjects mentioned. It is within the power of the schools to give only a smattering of any subject—not to make specialists.

So with the musical information or ability that the teachers may impart. Music is a comparative newcomer in the American public school curriculum. While its educational value has long been recognized in Europe, America is a half century behind in this matter. We do not yet believe that music is more than a plaything for idle hours. If this is not true, how about the absurdly small attendance at symphony concerts and the moderate patronage of such an opera as "Lohengrin." The present teachers of music in the schools are pioneers. The school boards are just beginning to permit musical facts and theories to be advanced as part of an education. And still, at this stage of the game, you will find pupils who know the difference between the life work of Richard Wagner and Hans

A Dream

My dead love came to me, and said,
"God gives me one hour's rest,
To pass with thee on earth again:
How shall we pass it best?"

"Why, as of old," I said; and so
We quarrelled, as of old:
But, when I turned to make my peace,
That one short hour was told.
—STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 19, 1914.

021743. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Alexander Galloway, whose post-office address is 1766 W. 25th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021743, to purchase the SW¼, Section 17, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$220.00, and the land \$180.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of June, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m. Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

In and for the County of Los Angeles.
No. B-8869. Department No. 10.

In the matter of the application of Bolte Manufacturing Company, a corporation, for dissolution of said Corporation.
NOTICE is hereby given that Bolte Manufacturing Company, a Corporation, formed under the laws of the State of California, with its principal place of business in the city of Los Angeles, State of California, has presented to the Superior Court a petition praying that an order be made dissolving said corporation, and that Thursday, the 30th day of April, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m. or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, has been appointed as the time and the court room of department 10 of said Superior Court in the Court House in the city of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, as the place at which said application is to be heard.

Witness my hand and seal of said Superior Court, this 24th day of March, 1914.

H. J. LELAND,
Clerk of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
(Seal) F. J. ADAMS, Deputy.
NOLEMAN AND SMYER,
Attorneys for Applicant

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Feb. 13, 1914.

012650 Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Jacob E. Hoffman, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on March 29, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 012650, for Lots 2, 3, 4, 5, Sec. 23, Lots 1, 2, 3, Section 26, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 6th day of April, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock A. M.
Claimant names as witnesses: William Houston, Jean Fitzpatrick, Mark Wienerman, Jacob Richter, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Wagner. And, once in a while, a rare specimen will know that Richard and Johann Strauss were not musical twins.

Teachers in the leading schools are now informing pupils as to the principal features of musical theory, as to the basic points of harmony, as to the meaning of the main musical terms, as to the salient features of the epochs of musical history, as to the leading facts concerning the best operas; and giving them a chance to hear the best known songs, arias, symphony and sonata movements, by means of mechanical players. All this may be a smattering, but it is such a smattering as most of their elders lack and one which puts the youngsters in line to appreciate a good concert when they hear one. While a good percentage of the students of the high schools will be untouched by this civilizing study—there are Philistines everywhere—a certain percentage will be prepared to become the support of musical enterprises in the future. The reason Berlin will support four piano recitals in one night is that the grandfathers of the present public were attending concerts. Our grandfathers were not, in this country; but if our children do, there is hope for future generations, hope that the future artists and future operas will be properly supported.

Hence, the plan to have orchestral concerts at the schools is a good one. Of course, a morbid Tschaiakowsky sixth symphony is not just the meat on which to fatten the musically adolescent. Johann Strauss might be a better prelude than Richard. But with the lighter numbers from our symphony orchestra programs, and the heavier numbers from the so-called popular concerts recently given in Los Angeles, there could be a large field of orchestral works to present to the young people. And the gain would be much enhanced if short explanatory talks are given in connection with such concerts—but these must be clear, interesting and to the point, or they will miss of their intention.

Figures compiled from the books of the recent engagement of the Chicago Opera Company in Los Angeles reflect business conditions in this city the past year. Compared with the season of 1913, the attendance shows a decrease of 3300 and the income a diminution of more than \$22,000. A difference of 500 in the attendance at each opera, on the average, makes this big difference in the total income. "Parsifal" was the favorite opera, but it is to be doubted if this lead in the public esteem would continue another season. The "Parsifal" receipts this season were \$10,313. When this work was given here nine years ago on the same spot but in a different building, the income was \$18,741. But the prices then were higher and the seating capacity greater. An assessment of about 25 percent is announced on the amounts listed by the guarantors. This probably will be met cheerfully. Last year there was no assessment necessary, at a time when Kansas City, for instance, had a \$30,000 deficit to face. But Kansas City has a large fund with which to meet such demands, while Los Angeles has none. This year, the deficit in Los Angeles was about \$18,000 compared with \$24,000 in Kansas City. Had not Los Angeles been suffering from the results of last year's frost of the citrus crops and this year's financial stringency and floods, there is no doubt that this city again would have "paid in full" without calling on guarantors. Next season promises entirely different financial conditions, barring unforeseen visitations of nature.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will issue next week a collection of essays by Simeon Strunsky, literary editor of the New York Evening Post, on "Waiving Immunity," a series of interpretations, more or less whimsical, of American life.

"The Substance of His House"

Once upon a time the domestic triangle had the flavor of all forbidden things; the spice of daring, of naughtiness, of breaking a commandment. But it has been used to the point of nausea. Nowadays, so many novels, so many plays, so many magazines are filled with the situation, that one asks oneself fearfully, "Are there no happy marriages? Is there no woman contented with her husband; no man contented with his wife?" Undoubtedly, these things have had an effect upon the domestic life of the present generation, and it is a thing to be decried. It is given a glamour of nobility oftentimes; it preaches to a dangerous degree the doctrine of individuality, crying for freedom for self, but not decrying the freedom which shackles the hands and the hearts of so many others who are links in our chains. Love is a curious thing; as Henley says, it "blows as the wind blows, and what reckoning shows the courses on his chart?" And, at times, a woman may love her husband, and still be strongly attracted by another man. And when she is not strong enough to resist his attraction, when she forgets her vows sufficiently to give him her lips and to rest in the strength of his arms, she sins as completely as though she became his mistress. For sin is not of the action, but of the intent. And so in her story, "The Substance of His House," Ruth Holt Boucicault has built "a fair house upon another man's land." Her heroine deceives her kindly old husband, who discovers his wife in the arms of her lover. Luckily for conventions, the shock is indirectly fatal to the husband, and the young people finally marry and go to California. But the ghosts creep in and sit like death at their feast, and there is no happy ending for them. And even though the author kills off her heroine in the last chapter, there is no sympathy for her. Mrs. Boucicault writes well in her descriptions of the fading of romance from married life from the woman's standpoint. It is the little tragedy of woman's love that a man cannot glimpse. But the book does not offer sufficient excuse for its existence. ("The Substance of His House." By Ruth Holt Boucicault. Little, Brown & Co.)

Provided for a Contingency

New York Times: Comment has been excited by the fact that a will just filed in Yonkers contained a clause providing for the distribution of the estate by a trust company in case the maker and her daughter should perish in the same calamity. This provision did not, as it was interpreted, indicate a presentiment or special fear on the part of the testatrix that she and her daughter were fated to perish together. It simply meant that the mother—or more probably her lawyer—realized the possibility, greater than formerly, in these days of automobiles and frequent journeyings by train and steamer, that people closely related may meet a common fate. The desire was to avoid the inconveniences that have so often arisen when doubt existed as to which of two persons dies first. Important questions as to inheritance often depend upon the answer to this question, and it has started many a long and bitter litigation.

School Savings Bank

Sioux City Tribune: School savings bank experiments being made in Boston are highly successful. The president, treasurer, tellers, bookkeepers and messengers are all seventh and eighth grade pupils. The twenty-two pupils employed in the bank perform exactly the same duties as if they were employed in a large bank or trust company. Whatever the success of this school bank in teaching the children to save money, there must be greater advantage to the juvenile employees of the bank in the opportunity to learn a business that should be of great benefit in after life.

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Ar. St. Louis	7.55 am	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.
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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
February 7, 1914.

019945.

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NOTICE is hereby given that William J. Hacker, whose post-office address is 400 So. Fremont Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 22nd day of August, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019945, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 24, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$100.00 and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 22nd day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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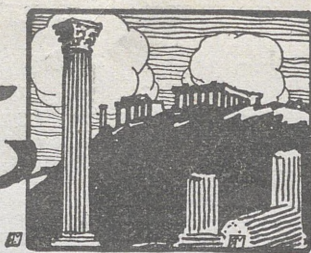
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Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK:
American and European Painters—Museum Gallery.
California Art Club—Friday Morning Club.
Jules Pages—Steckel Gallery.
Arts and Crafts Society—Blanchard Gallery.

It has often been said and with varying degrees of truthfulness, that "the longest way round is the shortest way home." I never took much stock in the time-ridden sayings that are always to be found in the mouths of old crones, but I am convinced that the one I just quoted is as true as the Book of Job. I know whereof I speak for the good and sufficient reason that I have proved it so. My northern journey has come to a happy end and I am glad to be back in the southland again after a month's profitable absence. The south is always a good objective, but I must confess that the north is not without its appeal. No doubt I have lived "on the branch" so much of my life that I am rapidly approaching that dangerous and blissful stage where I feel at home wherever I hang up my hat. However, I expect to allow the said hat to remain on a certain local peg much of the time.

My homeward journey led me "around Robin Hood's barn" and you have no idea what is around that fascinating barn until you have made the trip. From San Francisco I went as far north as the snow would allow and in prying about where I had no business to be I found two wonderful painters. Also, in a quaint and utterly remote village I unearthed several fine old paintings and a tea set that once belonged to the Emperor Napoleon. Returning by land I stopped at several attractive towns in the famous Napa Valley and visited the home of artist friends. Two days passed in Sacramento was a brief time to do justice to the Crocker Art Gallery where is housed the famous Crocker collection now owned by the city. The curator waves a withered hand toward the west gallery and proudly proclaims the fact that this great collection of work, good, bad, and indifferent, has not been added to or taken from for thirty years. One can well believe it. More than four hundred canvases hang in this gallery. Naturally, the walls are completely covered from floor to ceiling. Here, again, as in the Piedmont gallery, the works are not chronologically arranged and the educational value of the institution is lost. Most of the works are by the old masters, or near-masters, of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and here and there one sees a remarkably fine canvas.

I had hoped to find space this week to tell about a few of the fine works by modern Russian painters that hang in the Piedmont gallery, but I find so much of interest in my home field that I must pass by these splendid pictures until later. At Monterey, Pacific Grove and Pebble Beach I found a lively interest in art and a thriving art colony. The Del Monte art gallery, famous the world over, is the heart and life of the art interests in that community. The collection in the Del Monte gallery is far superior to the one I saw there a year ago and this advance is due solely to the able supervision of Miss Blanche, the curator. The western painters owe her much, for it is her

untiring labor and her interest in California art that have put her gallery on the art map of the world.

Painters in and about Del Monte and Monterey have formed a Society of Monterey Artists of which Mr. Detlef Sammann is president. Mr. Sammann is popular in the north and his work is improving in a phenomenal way. He is selling his canvases as fast as he can paint them and his popularity has not lessened his sincerity. He is already called the dean of Monterey painters and everyone looks to him for advice. Wm. Richell's residence in Carmel has been a helpful influence and now everyone is looking forward to the coming of William Chase. Already, two hundred pupils have registered for the Chase summer school at Carmel.

One of the most interesting young painters I met when in the north is Bruce Nelson of Pacific Grove. He is a Stanford man who has been studying art under Birge Harrison and all that stands between him and success is his youth, and time will amend that. Nelson's work is still a trifle experimental, but it is sound and strong, wholesome and healthy, and there is no doubt in my mind regarding his future.

I have been away from San Francisco just long enough to begin to draw comparisons. I cannot help contrasting the northern art situation rather sharply with our own. San Francisco is absolutely loyal to her painters, and to prove it she buys their work. When a one-man show is held, the pictures are sold. Not one, or two canvases, but ten, a dozen, or even more. One painter who recently showed up there sold out completely. What makes the vast difference? The southern painters are as able as those of the north. Of course you cannot compare the two groups. The northern work is simply different, different in treatment, in spirit, and in feeling. I imagine I can answer this question, but I prefer to allow you to do some thinking for yourselves.

Of unusual importance is the exhibition of California painters by Mr. Jules Pages now on view at the Steckel Gallery. Mr. Pages' work is far too well and favorably known to need an introduction at this time. We of Southern California are favored by many blessings that I fear we do not wholly deserve. One of these is the annual exhibition of the Pages canvases. Through the combined efforts of Mr. George Fusenot and Mr. George Steckel we have for the last five seasons had the advantage of seeing collections of Mr. Pages' work. These well painted studies and sketches have proved of great benefit to our student painters for they have shown us that good art does not depend on fad or fancy for its approval. Mr. Pages has never been swayed by the winds of chance. He has set a standard of honesty and strength and there has been no doubt in his mind and no deviation from his course. He has worked hard and his efforts have been crowned with success. In Paris he is rated as one of the foremost painters of the day and he has won every honor that can be awarded to a painter. At this time Mr. Pages is showing fourteen well selected canvases painted in northern and southern California. A review of these canvases will be given in next week's issue of The Graphic.

Today marks the close of the exhibition of twenty canvases in oil by Maurice Braun at the Kanst Art Gal-

lery. Mr. Braun is director of the San Diego Academy of Art and his work possesses distinctive quality. Many of our local art lovers are familiar with the work of this painter as frequent examples have been shown from time to time in local exhibitions. William Swift Daniell was the first to discover the charm of Mr. Braun's art and to bring forth a collection for public inspection. At the time I reviewed this first showing more than three years ago, I was instantly impressed by the combined qualities of truth of art and poetic inspiration that marked the canvases as individual. I think I have never known a painter who worked as does Mr. Braun. He lays his pigment on with the pallet knife and he never works over any portion of his canvas a second time. The treatment is unique and unusual and as a rule the effect is remarkably satisfactory. He interprets nature and does not attempt to reproduce it. He realizes that there is an art truth over and above a physical truth and it is for this psychology that he strives. Many of his most delightful canvases are little more than color arrangements and as such they are perfect examples of interpretative art.

Braun's present group comprises twenty late studies made in and about San Diego. "The Hilltop," one of the most striking of the collection, was shown in the exhibition of the Society of Western Artists and reproduced in its catalogue. Among the most noteworthy of Mr. Braun's canvases mention may be made of "Peepening Shadows," "Eucalyptus," "San Diego Bay," and "Sunset." Maurice Braun was born in Aagy Bittes, Hungary, October 10, 1877. He studied under E. M. Ward Maynard and Francis E. Jones, National Academy of Design. Braun is a member of the California Art Club and has exhibited in the National Academy of Design, Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, Chicago Art Institute, and the Society of Western Artists.

In April a special exhibition of lithographs by members of the Senefelder Club of London will be held in the Museum Gallery of Fine Arts. This collection comes to us from the Sketch Club in San Francisco. The artists represented are Anthony Barker, Harry Becker, John Copley, Ethel Gabain, A. S. Hartrick, J. McLure Hamilton, E. A. Hope, F. Ernest Jackson, J. Keir Lawson, Joseph Burrell, Harold Percival, G. Spencer Pryse, C. A. Shepardson, and D. A. Wehrschmidt.

The annual spring exhibition of the California Art Club will be held at the Friday Morning club house on South Figueroa street, beginning April 4 and closing April 30. The jury of selection will comprise Jean Mannheim, Benjamin C. Brown, William Wendt, and Julia Bracken Wendt.

Harry W. Nealson, a Pasadena painter, recently returned from a prolonged course of study in Europe, is showing a collection of watercolors at the Royar Gallery.

Under the auspices of the Ruskin Art Club the Los Angeles Arts and Crafts Society is holding an exhibition of work by members at Blanchard Gallery beginning Wednesday of this week.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
February 25, 1914.

010949. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Robert McPetridge, of 1323 16th St., Santa Monica, Cal., who, on July 19, 1910, made Homestead Entry, No. 010949, for S $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 8, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 9th day of April, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.
Claimant names at witnesses: Benjamin F. Kinsey, of Santa Monica, Cal.; William Gleason, Frank Schaefer, Thomas H. Lyons, John F. Hetman, all of Calabasas, California.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

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**RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS
IN NATIONAL FOREST**

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 55 acres, within the Angeles & Santa Barbara National Forests, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on May 14, 1914. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to May 14, 1914, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The N $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 7, T. 1 N., R. 9 W., S. B. M., 5 acres, application of Mrs. Mary Shook, Azusa, California; List 5-1800. The NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 13, T. 6 N., R. 18 W., 50 acres, application of F. D. Maxwell, Roosevelt, California; List 5-2057.
JOHN McPHAIL,
Acting Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.
February 11, 1914.

Social & Personal

Miss Bessie Hill, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Roy Brooks King, for more than a year, will return April 3 to her home in Bristol, Virginia. In honor of Miss Hill Miss Elizabeth Wood and Mr. Perry Wood gave a dancing party for about a hundred and twenty young people Friday night at their home in St. James Park. The ballroom was bright with American beauties, and pink roses were used in the supper room.

Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny will entertain the afternoon of April 15 at her home on Wilshire boulevard with a reception in honor of Miss Isabelle Watson, whose engagement to Mr. Stuart O'Melveny was recently announced.

Mrs. John F. Francis of Bonnie Brae has issued invitations for two pretty April luncheons. One to be given April 21 is in honor of Miss Daphne Drake, and her own coterie of special friends have been asked, including Miss Helen Jones, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Helen Duque, Miss Juliette Boileau, Miss Valeria Carson, Miss Chonita Van der Leek, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Miss Marjorie Ramsay, Miss Anna Grant, and Miss Anna McDermott. Miss Isabelle Watson, and Miss Evangeline Duque, who is to marry Mr. Irving Walker in the near future, will share honors at the luncheon scheduled for April 25, for which the guests are Miss Kate Van Nuys, Miss Ruth Kays, Miss Lena Roland, Miss Lucy Carson, Miss Clara Watson, Miss Katherine Banning, Mrs. H. H. Cotton, and Mrs. Clarence Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clark are in the east, visiting their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton Metcalf of Providence, R. I. Miss Inez Clark is with her sister, Mrs. Walter Brunswick, in the absence of her parents. Mr. Lucien Brunswick is entertaining this week-end with a motoring party at Riverside.

In honor of Mrs. Alfred Mayo, who has been visiting here for several months, and will return east next week, Mrs. William W. Mines gave an informal theater party at the Majestic Wednesday afternoon, followed by tea at Hotel Alexandria. Tuesday Mrs. Mayo was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Ben Smith of Fifth avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell McD. Taylor are planning to pass the Easter holidays in the north, including Del Monte and Santa Cruz in their itinerary.

Mrs. E. F. Bogardus gave a matinee musical Wednesday morning at her home on Hollywood boulevard, about two hundred guests responding to the invitations. Carnations, lilies of the valley and white tulips were used in decorating the rooms, except in the breakfast room where the purple of wisteria made a note of color. A buffet breakfast was served, and there was a delightful musical program. Assisting were Mrs. Robert P. McJohnstone, Mrs. Alexander P. Barrett, Mrs. N. C. Nason, Mrs. A. B. Bogy, Mrs. L. W. Myers, Mrs. Frank Gordon, Mrs. Baron Riley, Mrs. N. K. Potter, Mrs. A. A. Caldwell, Mrs. C. J. George, Miss Sue Carpenter, Miss Eloise Roen and Miss Sada Weber.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Melvin Young have left for the former's native heath, England, where they plan to make an indefinite stay. Mrs. Young will be remembered as Miss Fanny Rowan.

Society will be much interested in the dansant and sale to be given by the Neighborhood Settlement Association at the Ebell Clubhouse April 18. Mrs.

Sumner Hunt, who is president, will be assisted by Mrs. William Ramsay, Mrs. Robert Marsh, Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. Spencer H. Smith, Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mrs. A. C. Stilson, Mrs. Isaac Milbank, Mrs. Morton Smith, Mrs. J. B. Lippincott, Mrs. Charles Booth, Mrs. Walter Lisle, Mrs. John Lake Garner, Mrs. John T. Griffith and Miss Anne Wilson.

Patronesses for the ball to be given Tuesday evening at Hotel Alexandria by the Los Angeles Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, include Mrs. William H. Anderson, Mrs. W. S. Bartlett, Mrs. L. C. Brant, Mrs. Roland Bishop, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. W. J. Chichester, Mrs. Samuel Cary Dunlap, Mrs. A. W. Ellington, Mrs. Orville Ewing, Mrs. James Tabor Fitzgerald, Mrs. Jefferson D. Gibbs, Mrs. Burton E. Green, Mrs. George T. Hackley, Mrs. C. H. Hance, Mrs. Fred C. Hartmann, Mrs. Eugene A. Hawkins, Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth, Mrs. R. H. Howell, Mrs. Walter Hughes, Mrs. Addison Bentley Jones, Mrs. Grantland Season Long, Mrs. L. S. McKinney, Mrs. Orra E. Monnette, Mrs. Charles F. Patterson, Mrs. Harrison Purdon, Mrs. Mathew S. Robertson, Mrs. Harry Robinson, Mrs. Frank Bayliss Shepherd, Mrs. A. B. Stocker, Mrs. Edward T. Sherer, Mrs. Charles Wellborn, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine.

Mr. F. R. Benson of the Stratford-On-Avon players, Mr. Archibald D. Flower and Major Flower of Stratford, England, were the guests of honor at the reception given Monday afternoon by the Amateur Players. Mrs. Hancock Banning, president of the club, gave the Captain Banning residence at Thirty-first and Hoover for the occasion, and she was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. Roy Jones, Mrs. William May Garland, Mrs. Robert Farquhar, Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Mrs. Sidney I. Wailes, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mrs. West Hughes, Mrs. Fielding J. Stilson, Mrs. Horace Wing, Mrs. James Souter Porter, Mrs. L. N. Brunswick, Mrs. Richard J. Schweppe, Mrs. Henry Van Dyke, Miss Caroline Van Dyke, and Miss Inez Clark.

Los Angeles society, especially the younger set, was much interested in the announcement of the marriage of Miss Katherine Chichester, daughter of Mrs. W. J. Chichester of this city, to Mr. Claire Duffie, U. S. A., stationed at Staten Island, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Dunham of the Brysons have left for New York enroute for a trip to London. They will return in May.

Miss Sally Polk was the guest of honor at the card party given recently by Miss Kathleen Tottenham of Lake street. Pink roses and carnations were used in decorating, and the guests included Mrs. I. M. Polk, Mrs. George T. Hackley, Mrs. Theodore Cadwalder, Mrs. J. H. Johnston, Mrs. Lawrence Field Kelsey, Mrs. Stanley A. Visel, Mrs. Stanley Guthrie, Mrs. Raymond Mixsell, Mrs. Herbert L. Stone, Mrs. W. E. Selbie, Miss Agnes Whittaker, Miss Frances Richards, Miss Muriel Tottenham, Miss Eloise Watson, Miss Kathryn Glasgow, Miss Edith Runyon and Miss Jessie Pratt.

Mrs. Barker van Zandt has moved into her new home at 5553 Hollywood boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. James Woolwine of Beverly Hills will entertain Friday

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evening in honor of Mrs. Mai Mathews, who is the guest of Miss Martha Woolwine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine. Mrs. Mathews is the sister of Miss Woolwine's fiancé, Mr. Thomas Weeks Banks, and will be here until after the wedding in June.

After a long visit with her parents in the north, Mrs. Volney Howard is at home once more at 420 Westminster boulevard.

Mrs. Bri Kelley of Scarff street gave an informal tea party Tuesday afternoon in compliment to Miss Julia Rumsey, her cousin, who is here from the east.

Mr. and Mrs. John Llewellyn are now established in Berkeley Square, having given up their home on Adams street.

Notes From Bookland

"My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard," by Elizabeth Cooper, a Stokes book, puts into fictional, first-personal form the story of a Chinese woman of high class. The author lived for many years in Shanghai, and has endeavored to make the story true to Chinese life and to the Chinese woman's viewpoint.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce "Monksbridge," a new novel by John Ayscough, whose "Gracechurch" was well received in this country. It is a tale of modern life in a Welsh town.

Charles Scribner's Sons have just issued "The Influence of the Bible on Civilization," by Ernest von Dobschutz of the University of Halle-Wittenberg, a book full of both information and philosophy. They have just issued the "Collected Essays" of Rudolf Eucken.

Justin Huntly McCarthy's new novel entitled "Fool of April," will be issued on the appropriate date by the John Lane Company. It tells the story of a plain-living little man who suddenly comes into the possession of enormous wealth, together with directions as to how he must spend it.

Henry Kitchell Webster's "The Butterfly," which has gone into a third edition, has brought the author many letters from the vicinity of Madison, Wis., where people think they can identify the university town which is the scene of the story and even the very professor of drama who tells the tale.

Zane Grey, whose "The Light of Western Stars," has its scene along the Mexican border, has passed much time in the Southwest and in Mexico. He thinks that "it would require generations of enlightenment and training to enable the Mexicans to maintain a republic."

Harper & Bros. offer a volume of essays by H. G. Wells, entitled "Social Forces in England and America," which consider a great number and variety of subjects, from the new science of aviation to the falling birth rate.

The Scribners have ready for early publication a volume of "Selected Essays," by Alice Meynell, of whose brief papers George Meredith said: "They leave a sense of stilled singing."

Percy Mackaye's "Sanctuary" will be presented at the biennial convention of the American Federation of Women's Clubs in June at Chicago, at which it will be the chief social function.

"T. Tembaron" has been winning friends and admirers at the rate of a large edition each month since publication.

Barbara Spofford Morgan obtained the data for "The Backward Child" by long-continued studies in an east side clinic for defective children.

Sir Rider Haggard's recent novel of reincarnation, "The Wanderer's Necklace," has gone into its third large American edition.

The graphic Chinese color in Samuel Merwin's "Anthony the Absolute" was

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 10, 1914.

011047. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Nelly E. Hunter, of Topanga, Cal., who, on July 11, 1910, made Homestead Entry, No. 011047, for S½SE¼, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 28th day of April, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John S. Wood, Morton Allen, John S. Hunter, Herman Hetcher, all of Topanga, California.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

made possible by the author's long sojourn in China for the study of the opium problem.

Eugene Manlove Rhodes has put into his novels of New Mexico "The Little Eohippus" and "Bransford in Arcady," stirring adventures in which he himself had part while he lived in that region.

Robert W. Chambers, who keeps far ahead of publication with his work, is now busy upon a story to be called "Hidden Children," which will see the light in the fall of 1915.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," first published in 1901, has just gone to press for its forty-seventh large printing.

Harpers will soon publish "Storm," by Wilbur Daniel Steele, which deals with life on Cape Cod.

Jack London's "The Valley of the Moon" is in its eighth large edition.

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LOS ANGELES

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

There has been such a diversity of pre-conceived opinion on the merits and demerits of the Stratford-Upon-Avon players, who are at the Mason Opera House this week, that most of the auditors went to see "The Merry Wives of Windsor" Monday night in a wavering frame of mind. But the longer they stayed the more enthusiastic they became, for this rollicking, broad comedy of Will Shakespeare's was given as Shakespeare himself might have produced it several centuries ago. At first, there seems overmuch of obviousness in the noisy frolicking until the spirit of the thing catches hold, and one realizes that these players are giving more than a conventional interpretation. They are playing their parts from the standpoint of the characters, rather than from the standpoint of the auditor. They are creating, not merely painting. And then what has seemed to be obvious, becomes only the simplicity of Shakespeare's children. It is modernized Shakespeare only insofar as it is necessary to meet the inescapable demands of the twentieth century. The atmosphere of the old Windsor is there. It always seems especially fitting that an English company should interpret Shakespeare. There is something about the English accent that fits the words and phrases, the quaint richness of apparel with which he clothes the people of his imagination. And the Stratford players are especially satisfying. William Calvert plays John Falstaff with a fine suggestion of that old rascal's amorous tendencies and jolly good nature. F. B. Benson is the Doctor Caius, a lithe, nimble Dr. Caius who seems a youth rather than a man who has passed the half century mark. It is a remarkable evidence of Mr. Benson's versatility. Two exceptional characterizations are the Ford of Murray Carrington and the Page of Rupert L. Conrick, especially that of Carrington who plays with an inner fire. The Mistress Ford of Dorothy Green is a capital conception. James Stanners makes the foolish Slender an irresistible idiot, and the cut-throats of Falstaff are most excellently depicted.

There is an atmosphere about the Stratford-Upon-Avon offerings that none of our native producers has achieved. There is that subtle difference that lies between interpretation and acting. One feels that these players are exultant in their heritage of centuries, that they thrill with tradition as an American actor never can in the plays of Shakespeare. "King Henry the Fifth," which they gave Tuesday night, would be worth while if only for one moment—that night before the battle of Agincourt, when the king mingles like Haroun al Raschid with his men, and then sits in that solitude that is so significant of royalty and delivers his immortal soliloquy on the greatness and the insignificance of kings. Benson's conception of King Henry is new and at times rather disappointing. One cannot see why his splendid soldiers ever called Benson's Henry King Harry. There is a dignity, a brooding loneliness that is lofty, a brotherhood that is endearing, a courage that is inspiring. But there is none of the gallant fire, the youthful glory that made King Harry. It is at the moments that the lines and the situations demand force and intensity that one feels the lack in Mr. Benson's portrait, a flaw that is all the more evident because of the beauty and the understanding of his interpre-

tation. Although there is a noticeable subordination of working for individual glory among the players, the law of nature, perforce, brings the dominant players sharply forth from the shadows. Murray Carrington shows not

the latter, afford moments of delicious comedy. The value of personality is illustrated strikingly by a saucy-faced slip of a girl who in two page parts has made a strong impression. The long cast is thoroughly satisfying, unless it be in the tremulous French accent of the pretty Kate.

Murray Carrington has fairly swept all his colleagues before him in the productions this week. Carrington does not thrust himself forward, although, of course, he is entrusted with important characterizations, but, nevertheless, he shines unmistakably as the best player in the excellent company from Stratford. In "King Henry the Fourth," of which the second part was

does what Shakespeare most rarely does—moves an audience to the tribute of tears. One is inclined to the superlative in praising Mr. Carrington's work. There is grace of body and appearance, beauty of voice and the strength of understanding. Again, Mr. Benson disappoints in a kingly role. The physical lassitude and weariness of Henry are strikingly suggested, but the coughing spells are artificial, and have a theatrical ring. The apostrophe to sleep is given with too great a sense of rhythm; it loses its strength in the music of its articulation. There is more intellect than force, more poetry than fire in Mr. Benson's delineations. Again, William Calvert essays Sir John Falstaff—not the repellent, leering liber-



MARIE LLOYD, WHOSE LONDON SUCCESSES WILL BE REFLECTED IN HER ORPHEUM ENGAGEMENT

only a great versatility but a wonderful power in his etching of Exeter. The difference between his youthful, fiery Ford of "Windsor" and the aged, splendid Exeter is a thing to marvel at. Carrington, indeed, has the divine spark, and his relation of the death of the Duke of York brings both the tribute of silence and applause. Randle Ayrton and Henry Caine, particularly

used, Carrington played Prince Hal in truly royal fashion. He depicted every side of the young prince's character—the wild blood of youth, the scapegrace whimsical humor, the reckless courage of the lad, and most impressively the finer side of Hal's nature. The scene between King Henry and Prince Hal at the death of the former, as played by Mr. Benson and Mr. Carrington

tine so many have made him, but a jolly, rotund, rascally old soldier, more wicked than vicious. There is much low comedy in the play, but given imitably. Probably there was no other production given in the Stratford engagement so satisfying in detail and balance as "King Henry the Fourth." The smallest parts were beautifully done; the settings were brilliant, and

Murray Carrington and Mr. Benson rose to the heights in the death chamber scene.

Evelyn Thaw at the Majestic

It may not be that Evelyn Nesbit Thaw is depending upon the free advertising of her months of notoriety to draw crowds to witness her dancing—that is a question that only she could settle. But whatever her personal view, there is no denying the fact that those who go to the Majestic to see her dance do not go to see the dancer, but to see the woman whose tawdry, pitiful tragedy was blazoned in every newspaper in the country for many weeks. It is the body of Evelyn Thaw that they want to look at; it is the desire to dissect the charm which made that connoisseur of women, Stanford White, fall a victim. It is Evelyn Thaw of the studio and the roof garden that they want, not the Evelyn Thaw of the stage. From the moment she makes her appearance a wave of curiosity sweeps over the house that is repellent in its morbidity. It is intangible, yet it is felt so strongly as to be almost concrete. And whether she acknowledges it or not, it is upon this foundation that Evelyn Thaw's success as a dancer must be based. She is a curious creature; not pretty, except for a pair of great dark eyes. Her features are not good, her ankles are not graceful, her arms are not well formed. She dances well, but not exceptionally—certainly, not with such talent as to warrant her starring over the country. And yet there is an eerie fascination about her and a sort of elfin pathos that explains her past. There is no hardness, no invitation, no challenge to her audiences, and there is an apparent earnestness and hard work. There are one or two good features on the program accompanying her. Trick bicycle riding is becoming archaic and should be dispensed with. There is an accordionist that the audience likes, particularly when he "rags," and there are two sisters, marvelous contrasts, who warble the popular songs—that is, the wide-eyed sister warbles them. The other sister, who with a bit of charcoal could qualify any day for a cullud lady, just opens her mouth and lets the notes burst out. She is a good comedienne, even with that tremendous "razor" voice of hers. The Arnaud Brothers in their clever clowning act have been favorites of the Orpheum circuit and shine brightly in this aggregation. The less said of Willie Weston and Mike Bernard the better.

"Country Boy" at the Burbank

It seems good to have the Burbank players back in their legitimate roles again. Musical comedy has often been done wonderfully well by this organization, but it is not strikingly equipped for such ventures, and there is a consequent scattering of values. Edgar Selwyn's comedy, "The Country Boy," was given its first production at the Burbank several seasons ago. Since then it has been considerably altered, and has enjoyed a concrete success in the effete East. The best recommendation of this clean, pleasant little comedy is that it receives the warmest of praise from men who are thoroughly familiar with the conditions it depicts. It is a simple little tale—the story of a country boy who is of rather vacillating character, and who is practically sent to the city by his country sweetheart to see life. Precipitated into the midst of new surroundings there is a necessary period of adjustment that throws the boy's life into chaos. A shallow, mercenary woman rubs the bloom from his cheek, defeat has him by the throat, but he is saved from going down through the necessity of preserving another, forgetting all of his own misery in trying to find hope for a friend. The Burbank company is giving a most satisfying interpretation of the comedy. Donald Bowles as the country boy has a bigger opportunity than has been given him for many months, and he makes the most of it. The finest drawing in

the production—one of the finest he has ever given us—is the elderly newspaper man etched by Forrest Stanley. It is a masterly conception, so well sustained and so complete that the personality of the actor is almost hidden. A comedy creation that is almost as funny as the inimitable Frank Craven in "Bought and Paid For" is the ticket speculator of Walter Catlett. Beatrice Nichols as the disillusioning actress redeems her poor efforts of the last few weeks and regains her old standing. There are many small drawings of merit, particularly in the boarding house scene.

Good Comedy at the Orpheum

There is comedy a-plenty on this week's Orpheum bill, a goodly measure brimming over with laughter. One of the best examples of the vaudeville farce that have ever been donated us is that written by Lawrence Grattan and played by a small company with Eva Taylor as star. It is a post-honeymoon playlet with complications that are cleverly worked out. Just a trifle too much of it, but it is well and briskly played. Bessie Clayton is a remarkable dancer. Yet in the true sense of the word her dancing is not dancing. To be sure it is a series of intricacies, of difficult steps, of acrobatic springs, of terpsichorean fireworks, but there is none of the pagan rhythm, the swaying subtlety or the fire of real dancing. It is all so thoroughly artificial that it does not thrill. Miss Clayton has a big company, and her act is elaborately invested. Foster and Lovett keep the ball of fun rolling merrily. There are three gymnastic and acrobatic acts. Luis Hardt, the strong man, is the holdover. Alcide Capitaine does beautiful things in the air, and Welcome and Welcome have a rather similar effect, with one or two more startling features. Binns, Binns and Binns seem to have sneaked in to the Orpheum by mistake. Advanced vaudeville outgrew their type of act ten years ago.

Offerings For Next Week

Monday night the Majestic will offer a big attraction in "The Honeymoon Express," with Al Jolson, the blackface comedian, at the head of the original cast, which includes Melville Ellis, Marie Robson, Ada Lewis, Anna Wheaton, Marie Fenton, Sybil Sunday, Doyle & Dixon, Arthur Monday, Donald McDonald, and a chorus of sixty. This show was a great attraction at the Winter Garden in New York, where it remained for thirty weeks. It is said to be filled with novelty, catchy music and clever dancing numbers. The scenic effects are unusually elaborate, particularly the one showing a race between an automobile and a locomotive. Al Jolson is, of course, the chief attraction, but he is not the entire show, as the list of principals reveals several well known names.

Edgar Selwyn's delightful comedy, "The Country Boy," has proved so successful in its revival at the Burbank theater that Manager Morosco has decided to continue the piece for one more week, beginning with the matinee performance Sunday afternoon. It was originally intended to give "The Country Boy" for one week only, but both critics and public have been so enthusiastic in their praise of the play and of the players that the demand for seats has been surprisingly heavy. Donald Bowles, Selma Paley, Walter Catlett, Beatrice Nichols, Grace Travers and others of the company have taken advantage of the opportunities for characterization in Mr. Selwyn's play of the country boy, and the production has been numbered among the hits of the Burbank season. This will positively be its last week, however, as the premier production in English of "Auction Pinochle" is scheduled for Sunday, April 5.

Los Angeles has broken all records in the matter of making requests for the program of the closing of the season concert of the Symphony Orches-

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tra. Nearly twice as many requests were filed as were shown in any of the eastern cities. The votes for the Schubert Unfinished Symphony and for the Tchaikovsky Pathetique were almost equal in number, while following closely came the Beethoven Fifth Symphony and the Dvorak New World. The program that will be played Friday and Saturday, April 3 and 4, will be representative of the majority of the requests. It will open with two movements of the Schubert Unfinished Symphony and then will be played the four movements of the Ippolitow-Ivanow Caucasian sketches. The prelude to the second act of Debussy's Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian will be given, and the program will close with the third movement of the Tchaikovsky Symphony. This was the number which carried the audience by storm at a recent concert and for which there were so many requests that it was deemed wise to repeat at least a portion of it.

Both the Mason Opera House and the Morosco Theater will be dark for the coming week. After its temporary silence, the Mason will house a week of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the Morosco will have a new Gaiety attraction in "The Girl Behind the Counter."

Marie Lloyd will make her first bow to Los Angeles at the Orpheum Monday afternoon, as the headliner on the new bill. Marie is one of the three famous Lloyd sisters, of whom Alice is the best known in America. For her songs she has gone into the highways and byways of London, selecting types

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which she is able to reproduce to the life. Sam Collins and Lewis Hart, the burlesque strong men, will offer a travesty that should yield a big amount of fun. Marie Maitland is the "different" sort of American singer; she has beauty, gowns and manner. Armstrong and Ford should arouse much mirth as the English johnny and the cop. The Hockney company will have new feats in the use of unicycles and in gymnastic work. The only motion pictures of modern dances ever to be made satisfactorily are those of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castles, exemplifying their parlor dances. The holdovers on the bill are Bessie Clayton and her big company, Eva Taylor and company in "After the Wedding," and Welcome & Welcome. A week later comes Henry Woodruff in "A Regular Business Man" and also Ray Samuels, the blue streak of ragtime.

Mischa Elman, who with Kreisler enjoys the distinction of being the most popular violinist who comes to Los Angeles, will be heard in recital at the Auditorium April 25.

Books

George Borrow has inspired many delightful tales of wandering. Public demand has compelled many more. "The Broad Highway," "The Impossible Boy," "The Belovéd Vagabond"—each has had its success and deservedly so, if for no other reason than that of allowing us to forget the problem novel for a time and breathe clean air. The psychological intricacies of the problem novel may appeal to the intellect. It is a relief most gracious and refreshing to set aside the problem (which will evolve its own solution quite as well if given a rest) to take up a story like "The Fortunate Youth" for instance, and gipsy about England with Barney Bill and little Paul of unknown parentage. We all enjoy highway adventuring, if not physically, at least in books. And the best part of this story is the highway adventuring. When "The Fortunate Youth" begins to cast longing eyes on a seat in the House, we regret just a little that Mr. Locke (who fathered him together with so many other happy itinerants) should deem it necessary to keep that same old seat in the British parliament so warm. The British parliament in fiction, like the problem novel, needs a rest. Undoubtedly, the British houses in real life would be glad to relax.

In "The Belovéd Vagabond" Mr. Locke sets a standard that is difficult to forget—or attain. Otherwise, we should say "The Fortunate Youth" was his best story of this kind. But we are bound to play fair. The book on the whole is a little disappointing. Paul, a young Apollo in rags, is a fine fellow throughout the story, but he lacks that indescribable charm that makes us love most of Mr. Locke's vagabonds. Paul's entire success seems to be based primarily on his physical excellence. Mr. Locke has the ability to make us love a Caliban if necessary. So why the Apollo? We would much rather grow to admire a Caliban made lovable by Mr. Locke's magic than an Apollo who is irresistible from the beginning. Your patience for a moment: Paul is a little factory slave. Barney Bill camping on the outskirts of the town finds Paul one evening. They discover a common bond in Sir Walter Scott, although Paul is but fourteen and has no education. The boy runs away from home and journeys with Barney Bill in the big wagon, to London. Paul becomes an artist's model, an actor, then secretary to a member of the house of lords. Paul works hard and gains some political significance. He meets the Princess Sophie Zobraska. He meets her again in Venice (Italy). Thank you for your patience.

Princess Sophie is a creation of real charm and worth. She is a fine example of that democracy of spirit which is to be found at times among the aristocrats of today. Here it may be said that one, if not the greatest of Mr. Locke's manifold abilities, is that of enhancing the characteristics of his men folk with a radiance reflected from some utterly lovable woman. And the Princess is utterly lovable. Paul, naturally, wants to discover his parents. He believes himself to be of aristocratic blood. There is a surprise for the reader when Mr. Locke does disclose Paul's parentage. Paul is on the highway to success. Then comes the climax. Do you recall William Black's "Prince Fortunatus"? If you do, you will appreciate why Paul Savelli is termed "The Fortunate Youth." In fact, Paul seems almost too fortunate to be real. He has so many honors thrust upon him (barring the little

cloud of ancestry and fried fish) that the title is indisputable and we almost wish that Fate had given him a real shake or two and dropped him on his head once in a while instead of on his feet each time.

Still, it is gratifying and interesting to realize that Mr. Locke without exception promulgates that bed-rock creed of democracy of heart and mind upon which are founded the essentials of right living and upon which rest the saving ideals of humanity. He is no preacher, no obvious moralist, no panderer to the morbid. He is himself The Belovéd Vagabond, a troubadour of romantic highways singing the heart's desire in happy cadences. ("The Fortunate Youth." By William J. Locke. John Lane Co.)

"The Reconnaissance"

When the opening scene of a story lies in the African dusk, with two Englishmen facing death from a band of hostile natives, one puts his feet on the mantlepiece, his cigar in his mouth and prepares for an evening of thrills and no mental efforts. . . . Now the bone we have to pick with "The Reconnaissance," by Gordon Gardiner, is due to the fact that it starts like a good adventure story and runs amuck with two problems, either one of them heavy enough for a double-sized novel. There is no hero after the first three chapters, there is only a man afraid of himself and the dark; there is no heroine, there is only a widow with a headache every morning and an overabundance of self-analysis. We couldn't feel piqued at the author for having ended his entertainment early if the problems he presents for us in the later chapters were consistent and worth while. But he cuts the solidarity of our complaisance over a good adventure into small pieces, and because his treatment of the problems is analytic and not synthetic, he leaves the fragments jagged. There was material for an interesting yarn in the man who was afraid, for Gardiner writes of Africa and its frontiersmen in the early nineties with a certain pleasant intimacy, but the rub comes at the climatic moment when the neurasthenic heroine brings our coward to time by advising him against the use of that very faculty which is the cause of her own ill being—introspection. "Don't search," she cries—"don't reconnoiter among these imaginary perils, ever, any more." Such characters as Captain Robertson of the Protectorate Frontier Mounted Police, and Sergeant Smith, alias my Lord Daneborough, help out the story. ("The Reconnaissance." By Gordon Gardiner. The Macmillan Co.)

Magazines For April

True it is that "in all ages there have been minds so great that they anticipate the future, and seem at moments to have had an intuition of the truths to which later men give complete expression," but the layman can only sit in wonder at the feet of modern art and hope for the best! The Century for April devotes much of its space to the subject of "This Transitional Age in Art," in four illustrated papers by John W. Alexander, Edwin H. Blashfield, Ernest L. Blumenschein and Walter Pach. "Invent or Perish" wrote Ruskin years ago and, certainly, there is no dearth of signs of invention in modern art. It must occur to the onlooker at the "Battle of Lights, Coney Island," from the painting of Joseph Stella, that painters are trying to express in their own medium the

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qualities that belong more properly to the other arts. Why "the confusion, the noise, the ceaseless motion of Coney Island" in color? A new story by Rudyard Kipling, and a fine variety of names and subjects complete an unusually enticing number.

Will Levington Comfort's mystic philosophy is partially revealed in an article in The Craftsman for March, entitled "Herds and the Man." An interesting article on child labor is contributed by Arthur D. Dean, and the successful efforts to give city children proper opportunities for youthful pleasure are shown by Joseph Lee. The usual craftsman dissertations on the beauty of homes, gardens and surroundings are plentiful, and the issue is lavishly illustrated with a number of unusually fine pictures.

Notes From Bookland

Century Company has issued "Dodo's Daughter," by E. F. Benson, in which Dodo appears, still much the same Dodo she was in 1893, although she has a daughter old enough to do the 1893 Dodo things translated into twenty years after. Helen R. Martin's "Barnabette" is another of this author's stories of Pennsylvania Dutch life, her central figure being a pretty maiden struggling for an education. This house has just brought out a new writer of fiction in the person of Richard Wightman, whose book is called "The Things He Wrote Her." It is a love story told in

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the letters of a man deeply in love to the woman of his heart. The author is a business man whose life has been much occupied with large and important interests in the world of affairs.

Lenten season brings forward a number of religious works. Among these is specially offered for the penitential weeks by Longmans, Green & Co., "The Call of the Lord," by the Rev. F. W. Drake of St. John's Church, London, a series of "Meditations" dealing with the events of Easter, Ascensiontide and Pentecost. The same house has ready for issue "Essays on Faith and Immortality," by the late Father Tyrell. Two books from the house of Dodd, Mead & Co., both dealing with the life of Christ, are in graphic contrast as to their method of handling the same subject. One, "A Sketch of the Life of Jesus," by Albert Schweitzer, of Strassburg University, which has aroused much interest among the theological students and adepts in Germany and England, is an acute examination and criticism of the modern liberal interpretation of the life of Jesus. It will appear next month. The other, by Craig S. Thoms, just published, is entitled "The Workingman's Christ." It harmonizes the spiritual aspects of Christianity with the modern social movement, and is strongly spiritual in its feeling. The author is a preacher in South Dakota.

Warwick Deeping's novel, "The White Gate," which was published in England last autumn, and recently appeared in America, has done well across the water. Messrs. Cassell have just published a mediaeval romance by the same author, "The King Behind the King," a story placed in the reign of Richard II. This book will also be published later in the year in America. Mr. Deeping has completed a novel dealing with aspects of feminism. He considers the work "not wholly orthodox in its conclusions, but believes it to be sympathetic." It is interesting to note that he has been writing for about ten years. The scene of his first novel was laid in the fifth century, and the author remarks: "I have been becoming steadily more modern. Modern work now fascinates me, rather than the exclusion of Old World romance."

The John Lane Company is about to bring out a timely volume entitled "With the Russians in Mongolia," by H. G. C. Perry-Ayscough and Capt. Otter-Barry. The Scribners have just published "Eduador," by C. Reginald Enoch, in their South American series, while the Putnams have ready "Java and Her Neighbors," by Arthur S. Walcott, and will soon issue an interesting record of pioneer work among the Canadian Alps by Howard Palmer, entitled "Mountaineering and Exploration in the Selkirk." Rand, McNally & Co. have in press "Where He Dwelt," in which Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., describes his extensive travels in Palestine.

Christy Mathewson's "Pitcher Pollock" is especially for the reading of boys, but are not all masculine persons of the same age when it comes to our national game? It is from the house of Dodd, Mead & Co., who have a number of novels scheduled for publication next week. They include "The Professor and the Petticoat," by Alvin Saunders Johnson, the story of what happened to a New England professor of philosophy when he went down to Texas—and also of what happened to Texas; "The Choice of Life," wherein Georgette Le Blanc (Mme. Maurice Maeterlinck) weaves a story out of an experiment with human nature; and an anonymous tale, "Via P. & O.," about a woman who married the wrong man.

Wu Ting-fang's "America Through the Spectacles of an Oriental Diplomat," which the Stokes Company will publish next week, should prove a notable book of observation and comment. Dr. Wu reviews our methods, manners, qualities, activities with shrewd common sense and dry humor,

as if he were carefully explaining us to his own countrymen. This firm is about to begin publication of a series of biographies of great men that shall be full enough for all except the special student and yet be free from unessential detail. Volumes on Pasteur and Dickens are now ready and two others, on Edison and Balzac, are in preparation.

The seventh centenary of Robert Bacon's birth in 1214 is to be celebrated at Oxford June 10. A statue of him will be unveiled by Sir Archibald Geikie, O. M., at the Museum. Delegates from the Vatican and from the Franciscan Order will probably attend; also the French Ministry of Public Instruction, the College and Institut de France, the University of Cambridge, etc., will be represented. There will be an exhibition at the Bodleian library of manuscripts and other objects of interest in connection with Roger Bacon and his immediate successors.

"The New Optimism," on the John Lane Company's list for this month, will bring forward H. De Vere Stacpoole as an essayist instead of a novelist. Stacpoole takes all of time, all of the solar universe, and all of mankind as the subjects of his study and conjectures to what heights man may yet climb, now that he has developed a world-wide soul. This house will also issue a new collection of papers by Vernon Lee, entitled "The Tower of the Mirrors and Other Essays on the Genius of Places."

An interesting feature in fiction is announced by Doubleday, Page & Co., who will bring out early next month a posthumous novel by Frank Norris, whose untimely death in 1902 deprived American letters of one of our most promising fictionists. The manuscript of the story has recently come to light, and is given to the reader in the form in which Norris left it, apparently complete and finished.

A biography of peculiar interest promised by the Appletons for the end of the month is "Beating Back," by Al Jennings and Will Irwin, in which the former tells the story of his years of highway robbery, of his life in the penitentiary, and of his determination to make good after being pardoned by President Roosevelt. He is now running for the governorship of Oklahoma.

George H. Doran Company has ready the Rev. J. R. Patterson's "The Happy Art of Catching Men," an American edition prepared as the result of the author's work in this country of his "Catch-Me-Pal," as it is known in England. It tells of the development and work of a very practical temperance organization, of which Mr. Patterson was the originator.

"Clay and Fire," by W. L. Crippen, which Henry Holt & Co. will publish the latter part of this month, is a study of the world's advance in material things and of its comparative loss in spiritual, with a suggestion of the better balance likely yet to come about between the two.

A new volume by Hugo Muensterberg, on "Psychology and Social Sanity," is promised for the midspring season. It will throw the light of psychology research upon many present day social problems.

Maria Montessori, whose "Own Handbook" will soon be issued in this country, is conducting in Rome a teachers' training class in her methods. There are eighty Americans in the class.

William Hamilton Osborne, who combines the practice of law and literature, contrives to make novels out of his law cases. But he has not yet succeeded, unlike certain authors, in evolving a law case out of a novel.

Next week the Scribners will publish Marion Harland's "Looking Westward," in which this long-time author depicts the compensations and peculiar happenings of old age.

NOTICE

In the Superior Court for the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles.

No. B. 9639. Complaint to Restore Lost Certificates of Stock.

FLORENCE HUNKINS, Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN A. DUNCAN, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY, a Corporation, Defendant.

To whom it may concern:

This is to notify you there is now pending in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, the above entitled action, wherein Florence Hunkins, the duly appointed acting and qualified administratrix for the estate of John A. Duncan, deceased, is plaintiff and Los Angeles Investment Company, a corporation, is defendant.

This action is brought to require the defendant to issue to this plaintiff new or duplicate certificates of lost or destroyed stock issued by the defendant to John A. Duncan, and now standing on the books of this defendant in said John A. Duncan's name. Said original certificates were numbered and called for the shares of stock as follows:

Certificate Number 9823, calling for 125 shares.

Certificate Number 13878, calling for 5 shares.

Certificate Number 17513, calling for 100 shares.

Certificate Number 17514, calling for 20 shares.

Certificate Number 20090, calling for 5 shares.

Certificate Number 41522, calling for 106 shares.

All persons claiming said shares or any of them, or any interest or lien therein or thereupon, are hereby notified to be and appear before the said Court in Department No. 10 in the City of Los Angeles, County and State aforesaid, on the 6th day of April, 1914, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, then and there to show cause why new or duplicate certificates of stock should not be issued to the said administratrix, and to set forth their rights in or claim to such shares.

Dated March 3, 1914.

(Seal) H. J. LELAND, Clerk.

By E. G. RIGGINS, Deputy Clerk.
SAVAGE & HAMLIN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

NOTICE

In the Superior Court for the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles.

No. B. 9563. Complaint to Restore Lost Certificates of Stock.

FLORENCE HUNKINS, Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN A. DUNCAN, Deceased, Plaintiff, vs. HOME MAKERS, a Corporation, Defendant.

To whom it may concern:

This is to notify you there is now pending in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, the above entitled action, wherein Florence Hunkins, the duly appointed acting and qualified administratrix for the estate of John A. Duncan, deceased, is plaintiff and Home Makers, a corporation, is defendant.

This action is brought to require the defendant to issue to this plaintiff new or duplicate certificates of lost or destroyed stock issued by the defendant to John A. Duncan, and now standing on the books of this defendant in said John A. Duncan's name. Said original certificates were numbered and called for the shares of stock as follows:

Certificate Number 829, calling for 150 shares.

Certificate Number 830, calling for 250 shares.

Certificate Number 831, calling for 250 shares.

Certificate Number 832, calling for 250 shares.

Certificate Number 8669, calling for 3000 shares.

Certificate Number 8670, calling for 2650 shares.

Certificate Number 11430, calling for 200 shares.

Certificate Number 9093, calling for 100 shares.

All persons claiming said shares or any of them, or any interest or lien therein or thereupon, are hereby notified to be and appear before the said Court in Department No. 10 in the City of Los Angeles, County and State aforesaid, on the 6th day of April, 1914, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, then and there to show cause why new or duplicate certificates of stock should not be issued to the said administratrix, and to set forth their rights in or claim to such shares.

Dated March 3, 1914.

(Seal) H. J. LELAND, Clerk.

By E. G. RIGGINS, Deputy Clerk.
SAVAGE & HAMLIN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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020358

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Carl Dold Benz, whose post-office address is 2703 Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal., did on the 22nd day of September, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 020358, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 2, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 7th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Jan. 22, 1914.

019550

Non-Coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Charlotte Estelle Tompkins whose post-office address is 735 H. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did on the 25th day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019550, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00 and the land \$200.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 6th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Jan. 22, 1914.

019563

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Louisa J. Lee, whose post-office address is Glendale, Cal., did, on the 28th day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019563, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ and Lot 2, Section 34, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$126.50, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$76.50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 8th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Jan. 22, 1914.

019216

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Birdie Emma Meyer, whose post-office address is Ocean Park, Cal., did, on the 27th day of June, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019216, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., San Bernardino Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 6th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Stocks & Bonds

Reflecting the unsettled situation as to the disposition of the notes given in payment for stock in Los Angeles Investment Company, is the weakness in that issue this week in the local stock market. Following the meeting of dissatisfied stockholders early in the week, the market broke to 87½ cents, but at this figure evinced steadiness and an improved tone. The dissenting stockholders contend that stock should be issued in the amount paid in to the company by delinquent shareholders, and the notes canceled, and have asked that action be taken to accomplish this. The directors have contended that the stockholders have a moral and legal obligation to fulfill in making the payments of the notes given for stock. They express doubt as to whether the action asked by the dissenting interests could be taken legally, and in fairness to the parties who have paid in full for their shares. At this writing the company's stock is selling at 89 cents a share.

Union Oil, although almost entirely inactive, has evinced a very firm feeling. It is apparent that the market will need but little incentive to make a decided advance. Union Provident and United Petroleum are several points stronger than Union. Provident in particular reveals quite decided improvement, presumably because the company's articles of incorporation have been changed to provide it with greater vitality.

Union's annual report will be out in a few days and is expected to be quite favorable. Andrew Weir and R. Tilden Smith of the General Petroleum syndicate have arrived in New York on their way to Los Angeles. The market seems generally to have accepted the fact that negotiations will soon be in progress, looking toward a deal by which Union will benefit considerably.

Amalgamated and Associated have been lacking in firmness, although changed only to a slight extent in quotations. Low-priced oil issues are rather soft. Regular dividends at unchanged rates have been declared by Amalgamated, West Coast and Western Union Oil companies. Mascot Oil paid its regular monthly dividend Wednesday. Traders Oil stock which is now selling assessment paid, evinced a good tone, as the company is getting into very good shape, according to the statement of one of the officials. There is no likelihood of further assessment.

Of the banks whose stocks are listed on the exchange seven which became ex-dividend this week will pay out dividends the coming month. Their total disbursements will be in excess of \$400,000. The three making the largest aggregate payments are the First National, Farmers and Merchants and Security Trust and Savings.

Home Telephone securities in the industrial and bond lists continue to evince a good tone. Producers' Transportation stock is steady. Mining issues are not especially interesting. Consolidated Mines retains its recent gain fairly.

The monetary situation has not varied particularly from last week. The tendency is still toward an easier market.

Banks and Bankers

Savings deposits in all the banks of the country increased from \$6,496,192,707 in June, 1912, to \$6,972,069,227 at

the end of last June, or \$475,876,520 for the twelve months, which is equivalent to 7 per cent. According to information compiled by the comptroller of the currency, aggregate deposits in all the banks of the country in June, 1913, were \$17,475,000. New York leads in the largest amount of savings deposits, the amount being \$1,911,600,000, while Massachusetts is second with \$877,300,000, Pennsylvania is third with \$609,800,000 and California fourth with \$453,500,000. Illinois shows \$346,800,000, and Connecticut \$318,900,000. Massachusetts has one-third as many savings as the total individual deposits in the New England states, while the savings deposits of New York state are more than 27 per cent of the individual deposits of all the eastern states. In the southern states Virginia has the largest aggregate savings deposits, amounting to \$47,000,000, Louisiana second with \$31,400,000, Georgia ranking next with \$30,800,000 and South Carolina follows with \$26,900,000. In the middle west Illinois leads, with Ohio second and Michigan ranking third with \$250,100,000. Farther west Colorado leads, with \$30,600,000, Nebraska second with \$18,900,000 and Montana next with \$13,400,000. While California leads on the coast, Washington is second with \$51,200,000, while Utah ranks next with \$21,800,000. The per capita of savings deposits is \$71, while New England's per capita is \$645, the Pacific states \$131, southern states \$10, the middle west \$50 and the trans-Mississippi states \$9. In the last year the trend toward economy is reflected by a \$7 increase in the per capita by the New England states, \$5 by the eastern states, \$4 by the middle west, \$9 by the Pacific states, 75 cents by the trans-Mississippi states and 69 cents by the southern states. The per capita of gain for the United States is \$3 during the last fiscal year. It is estimated there are 1,978 savings banks in the country with 10,766,936 depositors, compared with 921 in 1890 with 4,258,893 depositors. The average due each depositor in 1890 was \$358.08, and it is estimated that the average due each depositor at the end of the last fiscal year was \$439.70.

In discussing the field for branches of national banks in Europe, a New York banker who has studied the situation in behalf of his institution, thinks there might not be so much opposition from European banks as had been predicted. "The provision of the currency law giving permission to establish agencies or branches has, on the one hand, given some concern to European banking houses," said he, "but, on the other, it has been regarded favorably, and there is an evident disposition among European bankers to work hand in hand with this country in financial matters. I visited Berlin, Paris, and London and met and talked with the more prominent bankers of those cities, fully advising myself as to the field for American activity in foreign countries. Americans keep so fully in touch with foreign developments in the financial and commercial world that there will be very little inertia to overcome at such time as the United States shall be fully prepared to establish national bank branches in Europe."

Arrangements for taking care of the interest coupons of the National Railways of Mexico which fall due April

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The Security Trust & Savings Bank has in preparation its Annual Rain-fall Chart.

This chart will be issued about April 1st, and will show the average rainfall, by months and seasons, in Southern California and Los Angeles, for 29 years.

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I have been completed by the bankers in this city, but are still awaiting confirmation from the government authorities at Mexico City. The plan adopted is similar to that worked out when the company had to default on cash payments for the \$2,500,000 coupons that matured January 1. A half year's interest will be due April 1 on \$50,747,000 of general mortgage 4s, \$25,000,000 of first consolidated 4s, and on \$500,000 of equipment notes. Payment of interest would call for about \$1,500,000, but as the railroad has not funds for the purpose, holders of the coupons will be offered 6 per cent three-year notes.

ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Jan. 22, 1914.

019601. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Robert E. Wirsching, whose post-office address is 539 Britannia St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 31st day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019601, to purchase the Lot 1, NE¼ NW¼, Section 30, SW¼SE¼, SE¼SW¼, Section 19, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$399.48, the stone estimated at \$199.74 and the land \$199.74; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 7th day of April, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock A. M.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
February 27, 1914.

016132. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Agnes Ottelia Kolstad, of 720 E. 33rd St., Los Angeles, Cal., who, on August 7, 1912, made Homestead Entry No. 016132, for SW¼SE¼, Sec. 23, N¼NE¼, SE¼NE¼, Section 26, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 16th day of April, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m. Claimant names as witnesses: F. M. Kincaid, Edward Campbell, Bessie O. Thew, all of Los Angeles, California; Charles Decker, of Cornell, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
February 26, 1914.

05467. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Patrick Lee, of Calabasas, California, who, on Feb. 16, 1909, made Homestead Entry, No. 05467, for W¼SE¼, Section 28, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 13th day of April, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John Fooshee, Elmer Stephenson, A. T. Morrison, Anton Weber, all of Calabasas, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

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W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

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Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

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Capital, \$1,000,000.
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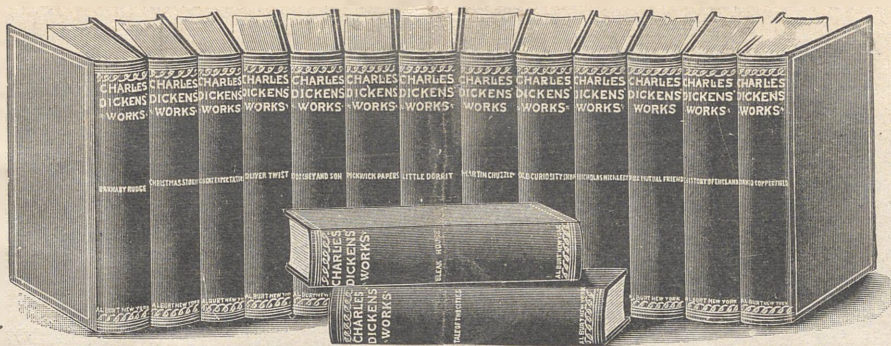
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